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CHRISTMAS, 1951

DECEMBER, 1951

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 43 No. 6 DECEMBER, 1951

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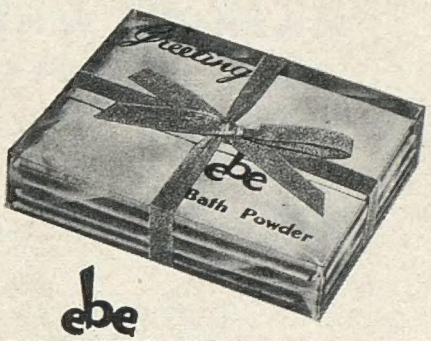

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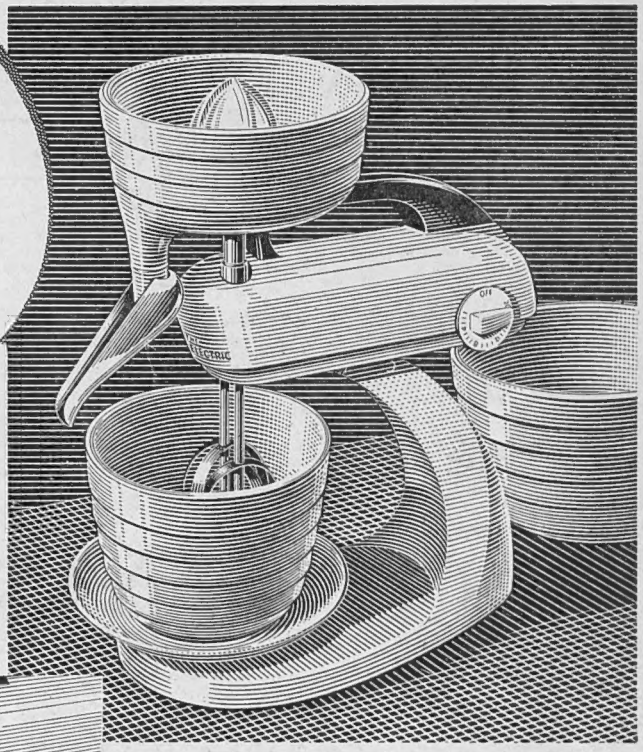

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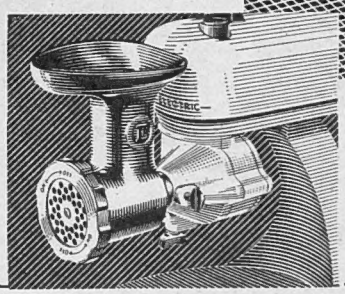

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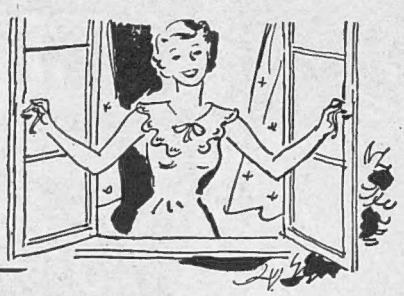

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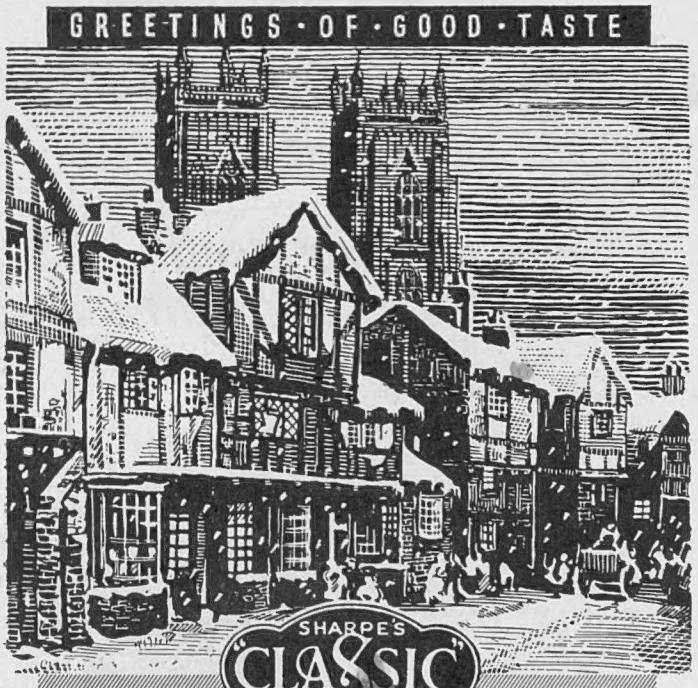

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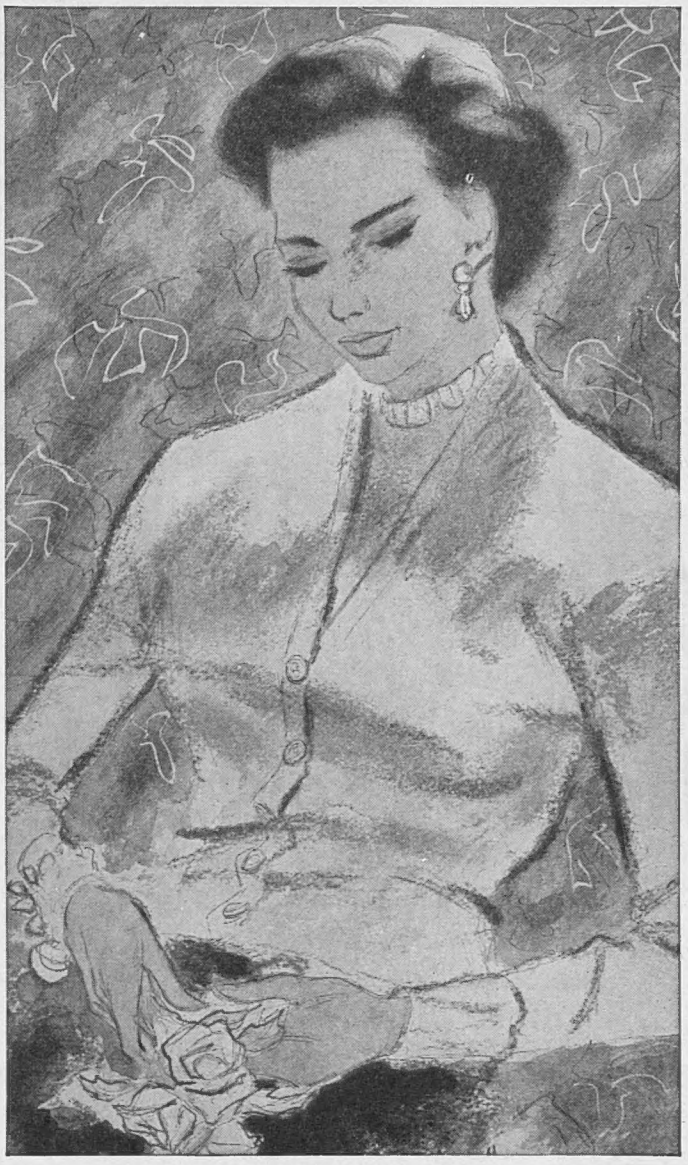

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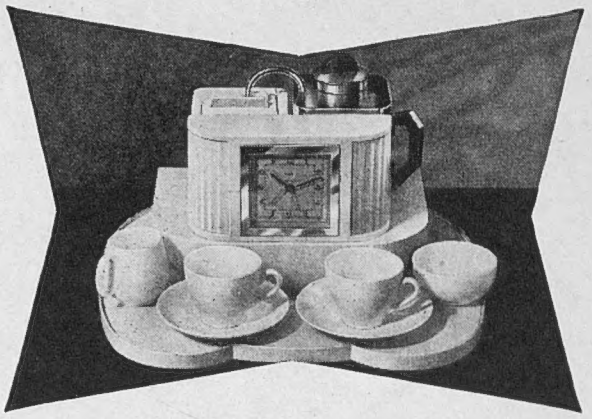

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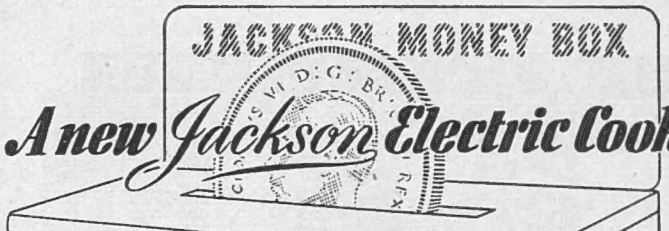

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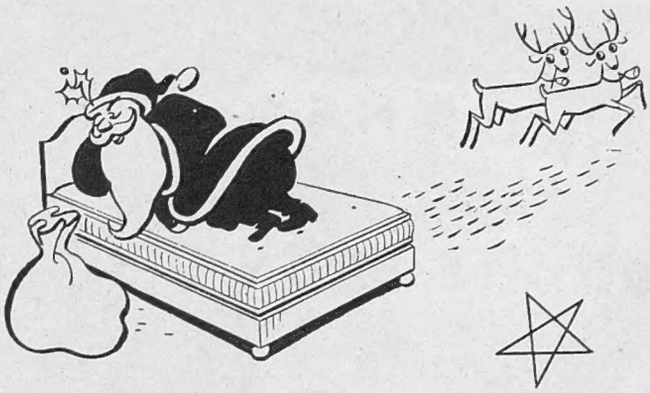

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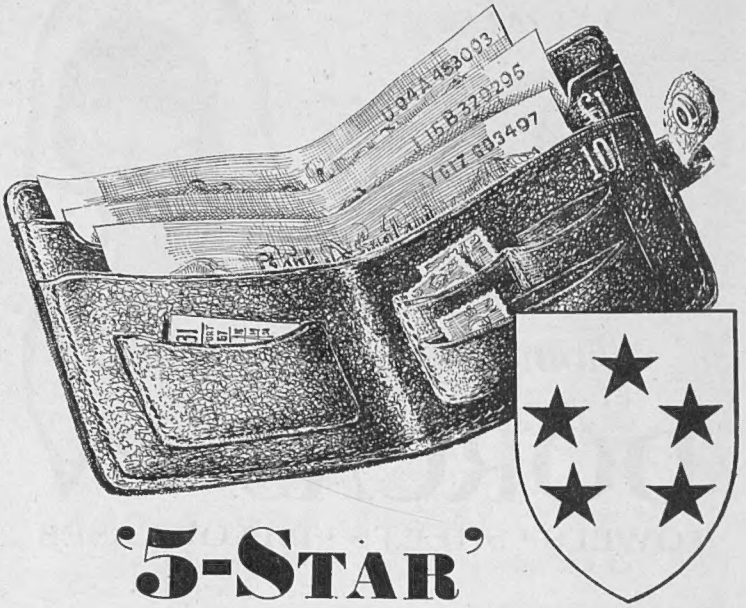

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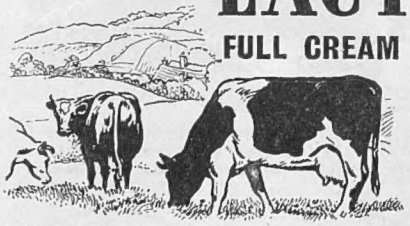

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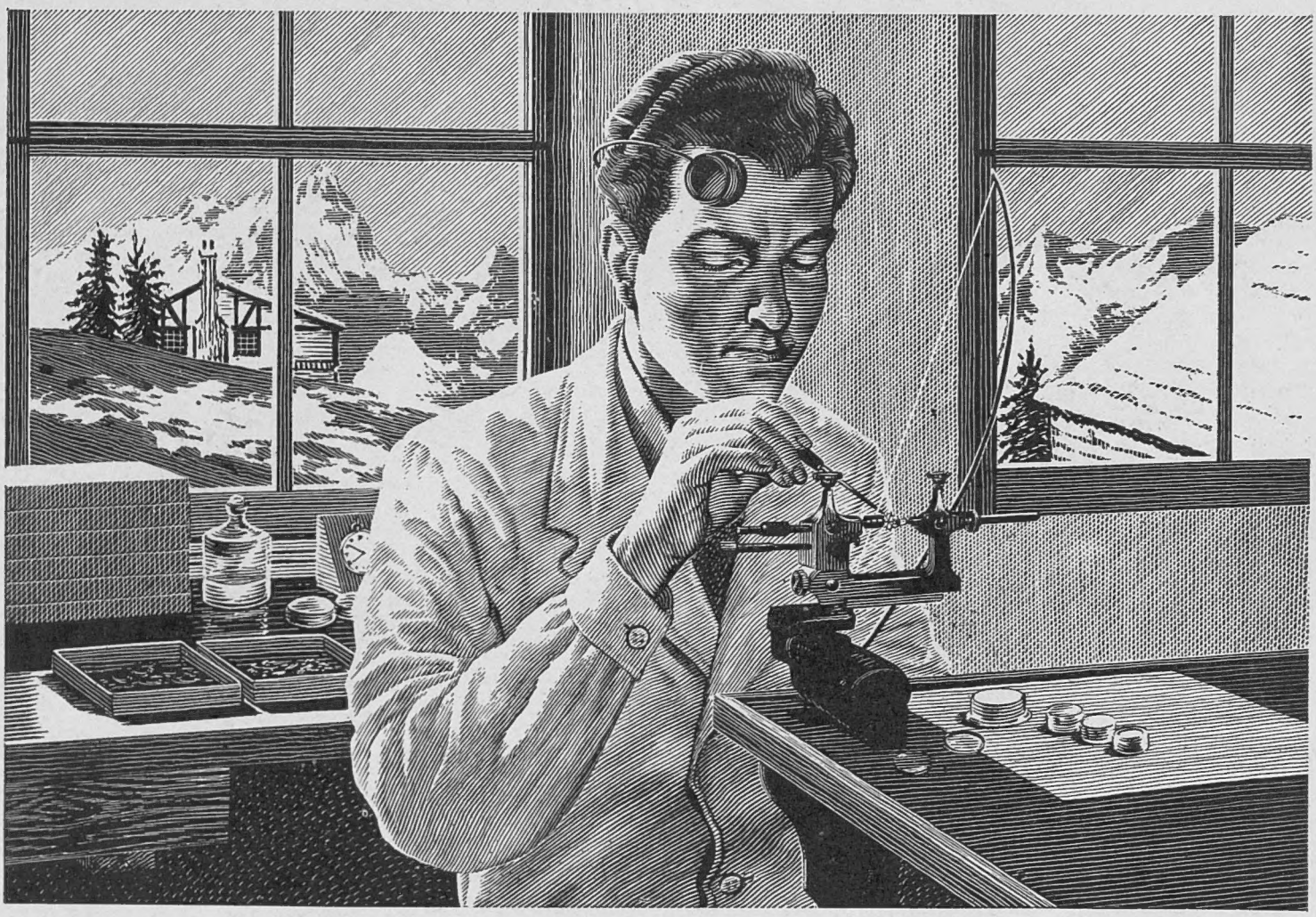

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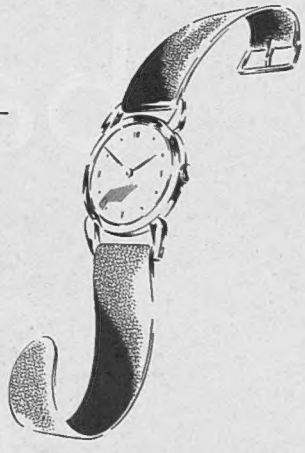

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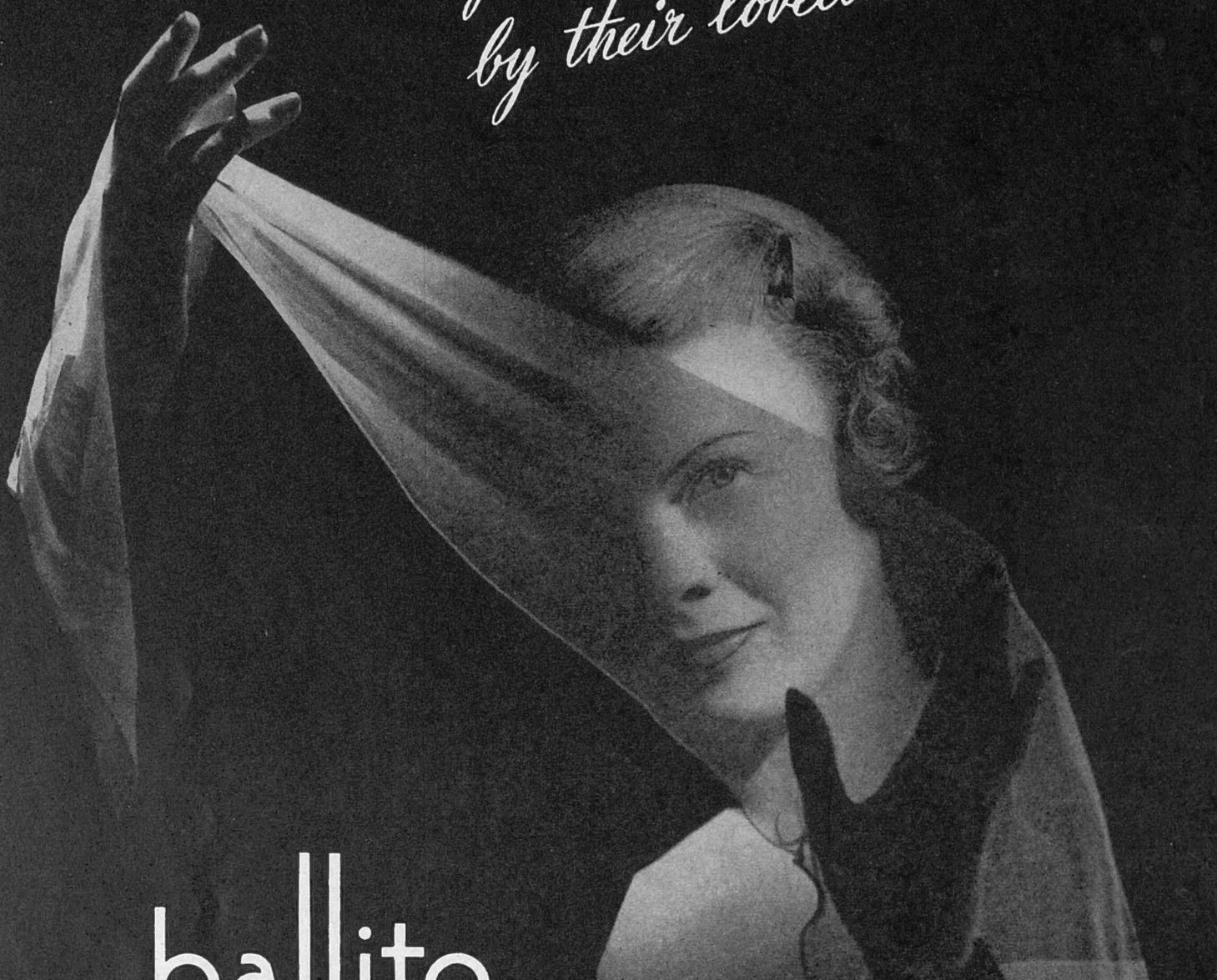

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"But Bonda, who had had the adulation of princes, thought Shand very small fry financially, and evaded him like a snake."

The VENGEANCE of KALI MAI

A Short Story

by

GARNETT RADCLIFFE

BONDA, the Kashmiri nautch girl, liked to tease as much as she liked to dance. Above all, she liked teasing Kenneth Shand. He was an Anglo-Indian, a hard, tough man accustomed to getting what he wanted. He wanted Bonda, but Bonda, who had had the adulation of princes, thought Shand very small fry financially, and evaded him like a snake.

"You are big strong man, but I am Bonda," she told him in her sing-song voice. "Bonda ees not cheap bazaar missy. Bonda has a price. Last year a rajah offered Bonda her weight in diamonds, but Bonda said, 'No, thank you. You are old and ugly and Bonda is the most beautiful nautch girl in India. You can keep your diamonds.'"

Her eyes tantalised him. Shand moistened his lips and spoke.

"Am *I* old and ugly?"

"No, you are quite 'andsome, Mistaire Shand. But I tell you Bonda has a price. For you the price ees—what shall I make the price? A lac of pink pearls?"

"Don't fool me, Bonda. I 'm no millionaire."

"No, you are just a man who makes business in Calcutta. It ees big cheek for you to want Bonda. Still, you are quaite 'andsome, so I say another price. You bring me ze Bo necklace! How is that, Mistaire Shand? You tink Bonda ees worth ze Bo necklace?"

"What the hell is the Bo necklace?"

She laughed up at him from her cushions. Her skin was gold, her mouth scarlet, her eyes deep pools of unholy enchantment. She wore a red flower behind each ear.

"You find out an' then you bring it to me. Now you must go, Mistaire Shand. Bonda 'as told you her price an' the rest ees for you to do."

She pressed the bell that would summon a servant. Shand rose with a growl between a laugh and a curse. He had no illusions about Bonda. All she wanted from men was what they could give in the way of jewels.

"Au revoir, Bonda," he grinned. "When I 've found the Bo necklace I 'll give you a ring.... In the meantime there are other girls."

HE wasn't to rid himself of Bonda as easily as that. It was because of what she had said that he found himself some four months later walking along a jungle path too narrow to admit his car.

Probably tigers had made that path. The air was fetid, the branches of sissoo trees met overhead and the spear grass grew higher than a man. Shand was indifferent to the heat and the clouds of insects. Burly and powerful, he strode on, conscious of the reassuring weight of the revolver on his hip.

As he walked he thought of the nautch girl and he smiled. It would be a shock for the little devil if he turned up with the Bo necklace after all! She 'd imagined she was putting an impossible price on herself, but she 'd been wrong.

LUCK had put him on the trail of the Bo necklace. By the sheerest chance he had met in the rest-bungalow at Chota Miran a little birch-like missionary called Dr. Erskine, who was an antiquarian and an authority on Indian mythology.

Also, he was a bore—at least, he was to a man like Shand. What did Shand care about the Vedic paradise, Gautama and the Temple of Buddha Gaya? He 'd almost fallen asleep listening to the missionary's dry monologue. But then he 'd heard Erskine mention the Goddess Kali Mai and the necklace from the Bo Tree, supposed to have been given her by Siva, and he 'd sat up as if he had heard a shot.

"The Bo necklace! Is there actually such a thing?" His surprise had made the missionary smile.

"Of course there is. As a matter of fact, I am one of the few white men who have seen it. It is composed of enormous rubies which the legend says were washed in human blood to preserve the sheen. The clasp is a gold-and-diamond figure of Kali Mai. . . . It's all very crude and blatant, but . . ."

He went droning on, making comparisons between Hindu and Chinese workmanship. At last Shand had managed to get in his question. He'd tried to make his voice sound off-hand.

"I suppose the priests have it locked up somewhere?"

Dr. Erskine had adjusted his spectacles and smiled as if at the ingenuousness of a child.

"Dear me, no! They trust Kali Mai to guard her own property. When I saw it it was hanging round the neck of a life-size bronze image of the Black Mother in a little temple near Baruti. I could have stolen it with the greatest ease if I'd wished to. The temple is tucked right away in the jungle and there wasn't another soul within sight except an old priest snoring in an archway."

"Weren't you tempted?" Shand had grinned.

"Not in the least. Even if I had been I'd have been too afraid of Kali Mai to attempt any nonsense. She's a very jealous lady, you know. No, call me superstitious if you like, but I've been long enough in India to learn to respect Hindu deities!"

"I guess you're right," Shand had said.

Inwardly he had been grinning. *He'd* no fear of Kali Mai. The Bo necklace would look nicer round Bonda's slim neck than round that of a rusty old bronze idol with four arms and a lolling tongue!

THREE days after that talk with Dr. Erskine he had driven to Baruti, only thirty koss from Chota Miran. It was a sleepy, jungly country, untouched by civilisation. The natives seemed indifferent to everything except chewing *pan* and opium. They stared at the white man like doped bullocks. Shand told himself that if he stole a hundred necklaces nobody would ever know nor care.

At last a turn in the path brought him within sight of his objective. The temple of the Goddess of Destruction was a squat little red affair with four golden minarets. In the shimmering silence of the jungle it looked like a crude toy dropped there by a child.

As he gazed he saw small brown forms creep shadow-like from the entrance and heard their anxious chatter. He grinned. So the temple had become a playground for monkeys! That indicated how often the locals worshipped the goddess!

A moment later he was inside the temple. It was pleasantly cool and dark after the jungle. Snakes, he warned himself. This is the sort of place one might expect to find them.

He looked round cautiously. He could see no sign of snakes, but the raucous cry of a bird like the sudden laugh of an idiot made him start. He swore aloud, then he took a grip of himself. There was nothing, he told himself, to be scared of in this dank ruin of a temple.

The image of Kali Mai stood on a sort of altar at the farther end. It was more than

Illustrations by Tresilian

life-size, fashioned out of bronze, black with time. Her knees were bent, her feet turned outwards and her four arms raised in what seemed a threatening attitude. The goddess had been depicted in her most malignant aspect. Her face was contorted in a scowl, her tongue, which was painted red, lolled from her mouth.

Shand gasped. He had seen what he had hardly hoped to see. The price of Bonda was coiled like a red snake round the thick bronze throat. Even in that dim place the rubies glowed like huge drops of blood. Yes, the Bo necklace was superb, a treasure for which Bonda would have bartered her little soul.

He moved closer to the image that he might see better. Then a rustling sound made him whip round. A shaven, half-naked figure with a knife in its hand was darting at him, its bare feet falling like leaves on the marble floor.

Another second and the knife would have been in his back. As he dodged he saw mad eyes and a rage-distorted mouth. Somehow the priest had guessed his intent. He meant to kill the profaner of the temple.

Shand's blow sent him staggering. He turned like a wild-cat and leapt again. This time his lunge brought the knife within an inch of Shand's throat.

Panic gripped Shand. There could be no reasoning with this crazed skelcton. It was his life or the priest's. As the priest leapt again, he drew his revolver and fired point-blank.

Silence followed the shot. Shand stared down at something that twitched and jerked like a maimed insect on the tessellated floor. There were drops of blood more vivid than a ruby. "The price of Bonda?" Shand thought.

At last the priest lay still, a heap of rags, with limbs like brown sticks. Shand drew a deep breath. He hadn't reckoned on having to kill a man.

Could he conceal the body? He looked round and saw a ring set in the floor that seemed to indicate a trapdoor. He grasped it with both hands, braced himself and heaved. After a moment the slab in which the ring was set rose stiffly, to disclose a pit of darkness.

HIS next task was unpleasant. With set teeth and averted head he raised the body of the priest and dragged it to the pit. A trailing hand seemed to claw the marble as if reluctant to leave

The price of Bonda was high—far higher than he ever anticipated, and he paid in full. . .

Panic gripped Shand. There could be no reasoning with this crazed skeleton. It was his life or the priest's. As the priest leapt again, he drew his revolver and fired point-blank.

the temple. Again the unseen bird uttered its raucous laugh. Shand started at the sound. With a quick, guilty movement he pushed the body into the pit. The darkness swallowed it, and after what seemed a long time he heard a splash of water.

He felt better when he had closed the trapdoor. In that lethargic, opium-sodden district it was a 1,000 to 1 against anyone ever discovering his crime. Kali Mai had been the only witness. He had no fear of Kali Mai.

He mopped his face and addressed the image.

"You won't split, will you, old girl? Now don't go sticking out your tongue at me! I want your necklace for someone much prettier than you are."

THE image scowled in the half-light. Quickly he sprang up the three wide steps leading to the altar. There were little charred bones on those steps, relics of sacrifices that had been offered.

She was taller than he was. To reach the clasp of the Bo necklace he had to stand on one of her bronze feet and lean against her hard, bronze body. As he did so, the horrific face was close to his.

His fingers fumbled with the clasp. As he did so, the foot on which he was standing seemed to move. He heard a dull metallic clang, followed by a creaking, rumbling sound, as if some heavy machinery had suddenly been set in motion.

He sprang like an animal aware of a trap. He was too late. The four arms of Kali Mai had curled inwards like the legs of a centipede. They had caught him and were crushing him to her breast in a horrible embrace.

He yelled. In another instant he would be crushed to pulp by those inexorable bronze arms. As he felt the pressure increase he grasped her throat and exerted all his strength in a last mad struggle for life.

Tighter and tighter grew the arms. They closed quite slowly. The ancient priests who had devised that trap had intended a lingering death for any thief who dared to rob the Black Mother of Destruction.

Lolling tongue and cold, staring eyes! Shand screamed again and beat at the face with bleeding fists. Her arms, like iron bands, were hugging him to death. *Tighter . . . tighter. . . .* He couldn't breathe, and the blood was roaring in his head.

Then he became aware that the image was swaying on its base. It was tilting forward as if her victim was too heavy for Kali Mai. Suddenly there was the snap of something breaking. He was aware of a falling sensation followed by a crash.

A SPELL of blackness followed. Then he awoke to realise he was free. The image of Kali Mai lay beside him on the marble floor. Some spring had broken and he could drag himself from her arms.

He stood swaying above the prostrate goddess. It hurt to breathe and his hands were bruised and bleeding. But he'd escaped! A miracle had delivered him from the clutches of Kali Mai!

She looked horrible and malignant lying at his feet. He grinned as he bent over her and took the necklace from her throat. He'd beaten her—he'd escaped the vengeance of Kali Mai! And now for Bonda and his reward. . . .

EVEN Bonda was impressed by the Bo necklace. She stroked the great stones with sensuous delight. They glowed on her golden throat as they had never glowed on Kali Mai.

"You are brave and clevaire as well as 'andsome, Mistaire Shand. I ask you to do what I think impossible and you

'ave done it ! Yes, I love you. . . . For every stone in ze necklace I kiss you—so and so. . . . I will show you 'ow I love you ! "

That temple at Baruti seemed very far away. With the nautch girl in his arms he sank at last into a deep sleep. The room was cool and heavy with a scent of jasmine.

Late next morning he woke with a start. He had had a most frightful nightmare. It had left his heart pounding and his body wet.

What a dream ! He had seemed to be again in that silent temple, wrestling with Kali Mai. He 'd felt her arms embracing him, he 'd seen her staring eyes and lolling tongue, and he 'd felt his hands closing around her throat. . . .

Yes, it had been a horribly vivid nightmare. What a wonderful relief to be awake and know himself safely in Calcutta with Bonda at his side. Bonda ? He put out his arm to draw her closer to him.

She felt strangely limp and still. And she was huddled in a strange position. He lifted himself in the disordered bed. As he did so, he realised his hands felt stiff and strained.

" Bonda ? " he called sharply. " *Bonda ?* "

The sun fell through the curtain for him to see her face. As her head rolled towards him he saw with a shock of horror beyond horror that his dream had not been a dream after all. It was as if Kali Mai herself were grinning up at him from the silken pillow !

END.

Tighter, tighter — he couldn't breathe and the blood was roaring in his head. Then he became aware that the image was swaying on its base. It was tilting forward as if her victim was too heavy for Kali Mai. Suddenly there was a snap.

CLOUD GIRLS

The work of an air stewardess is the most unsettling, exciting, romantic, disordered, dangerous . . .

WHEN Miss Jean Gordon was named as stewardess of Princess Elizabeth's trans-ocean stratoplane, and posed pictures showed her on duty in the galley, preparing a service of tea, my immediate thought was—they might have found something less ordinary for "the world's best hostess" to do! But I quickly retrieved myself. Nothing about an air stewardess is ordinary—not even the way she makes a cup of tea.

B.O.A.C. stewardesses must undergo special tuition if they are to pass out as "flying tea-makers, first-class." They won't get much farther if they don't. The tradition of the English tea-pot has to be upheld, and making tea high above the clouds is a very different kettle of water from brewing it at sea-level.

Boiling point at the latter is 212 degrees Fahrenheit, but at (say) 11,000 feet, water boils at 190 degrees and that isn't sufficiently high to infuse the tea leaves properly. So various intricacies have to be learnt and performed.

Air-hostessing adorns woman's youngest profession—so young that the dears haven't yet achieved enough seniority to start climbing the ladder as men do. Their ladder lacks rungs. But that will change when "popular" air travel soon flecks the skies and raises the aggregate of air-line girls employed by the big companies alone—American, British, French, Belgian, Dutch, Scandinavian, Swiss—to many thousands.

As indicative of the present position, I suppose B.O.A.C. employs between 150 and 200 stewardesses, which does not include the larger number of girls on traffic duty at airports. I say the former "adorn" the new *métier* because these young women constantly streaking to all parts of the world appeal to the imagination as well as to the eye. I am not surprised that the film-makers have got around to them (*No Highway; Three Guys named Mike*).

Were I to lend a hand, I'd outdo Hollywood's chronic adjectivitis by announcing "the mostunsettling,wearing,exciting, romantic, dangerous, disordered, interesting, instructive, provoking, untidy, testing and fascinating occupational activity to which Woman has set her hand." I prefer plain "job" but the term is not popular at "The Loft."

I LIVED just below "The Loft," London, W.8, for quite a while, and used to greet the doves on the stairs, as they flitted between the kitchen and Nairobi or Sydney and the parlour. I'd say "Where are you off to now?" or "Where have you come from this time?" and, with a look which said "Can't this fellow say something different for a (*Continued on page 74*)

By FERDINAND TUOHY

By Gordon Beckles

NEARLY every department of British life has held a festival in this centenary Festival Year now dying.

Yet are we to let the year pass without taking a last glance at 1851 and the way it celebrated the greatest festival of all—its Christmas?

For a strange social picture emerges of the "holyday" (as it was still spelled) season as the little Queen, having said good-bye to the excitements of the Great Exhibition, settled down once more in the bosom of her family at Windsor.

There she was to see lit one of the first of the Christmas trees in England. The country had lost some of its own conception of the season in the industrial upsurge and the changes in rural life. It was on the eve of having a new sort of Christmas moulded for it, by way of the Prince Consort's Germany and—rather oddly—the still strong Dutch influence in North America, with its emphasis on "Santa Claus."

A diorama of December, 1851 (and diorama peep-shows were one of the great entertainments of the day) would have shown a scene of sunshine, gaslight and shadow not unlike that pictured in Dickens's *A Christmas Carol* written eight years before. A reporter of *The Times* evidently had in mind the scene in Scrooge's counting house when he turned in his story of workhouses on this Christmas night a hundred years ago. "At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge had said, to one of the two gentlemen in the book, collecting money, 'It is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time.'"

"At this festive season of the year," wrote the real-life reporter, "it has long been the custom of *The Times* to lay before its readers an account not only of the treatment of the parochial poor, but also useful statistical information enabling the public at a glance to ascertain the state of pauperism."

And what was the state? Slightly better on the whole than 1850. In St. Marylebone (population 157,000) there were 1,495 in the workhouse who sat down on that Christmas day to ½ lb. of roast beef (free from bone), vegetables and bread, 1 lb. of plum pudding, 1 pint of porter, 1 oz. of tea, ½ lb. of sugar, 4 oz. of tobacco or snuff and oranges, with apples, nuts and sweets for the two hundred odd children.

As for the spirit of Scrooge, reported *The Times*: "Owing to the uncourteous manner of the warden, we are unable to give the figures for St. Mary's,

Islington. When approached he replied: 'I don't want to be bothered—things are the same as usual.'"

BUT all this would be hidden from any little Matilda (aged five), Albert (aged seven), Charlotte (aged nine), Arthur (aged eleven), Priscilla (aged fourteen) and even from the materfamilias herself.

It was the season of gaiety and goodwill. But December had not been a good month for weather. Although the public was not then blessed with what would have been called "meteorological prognostications," one can catch the spirit of the month from the confession of a dramatic critic that it was a relief to escape to a "faery world" after the "mud, dirt and fog of London this Christmas."

Our little Matilda would have been taken shopping. The ingenuity presently to be shown by the German toys would not have been on display, but at No. 50 Burlington Arcade she would have seen some charming dolls. It would be too much for her to realize that exactly one hundred years later No. 50 (conducted by the same family of Morrells) would have to close down for lack of such rich little girls as Matilda and her genteel family.

People shopping for presents found books a safe purchase, and there was a brisk demand for Stereoscopic Daguerreotypes.

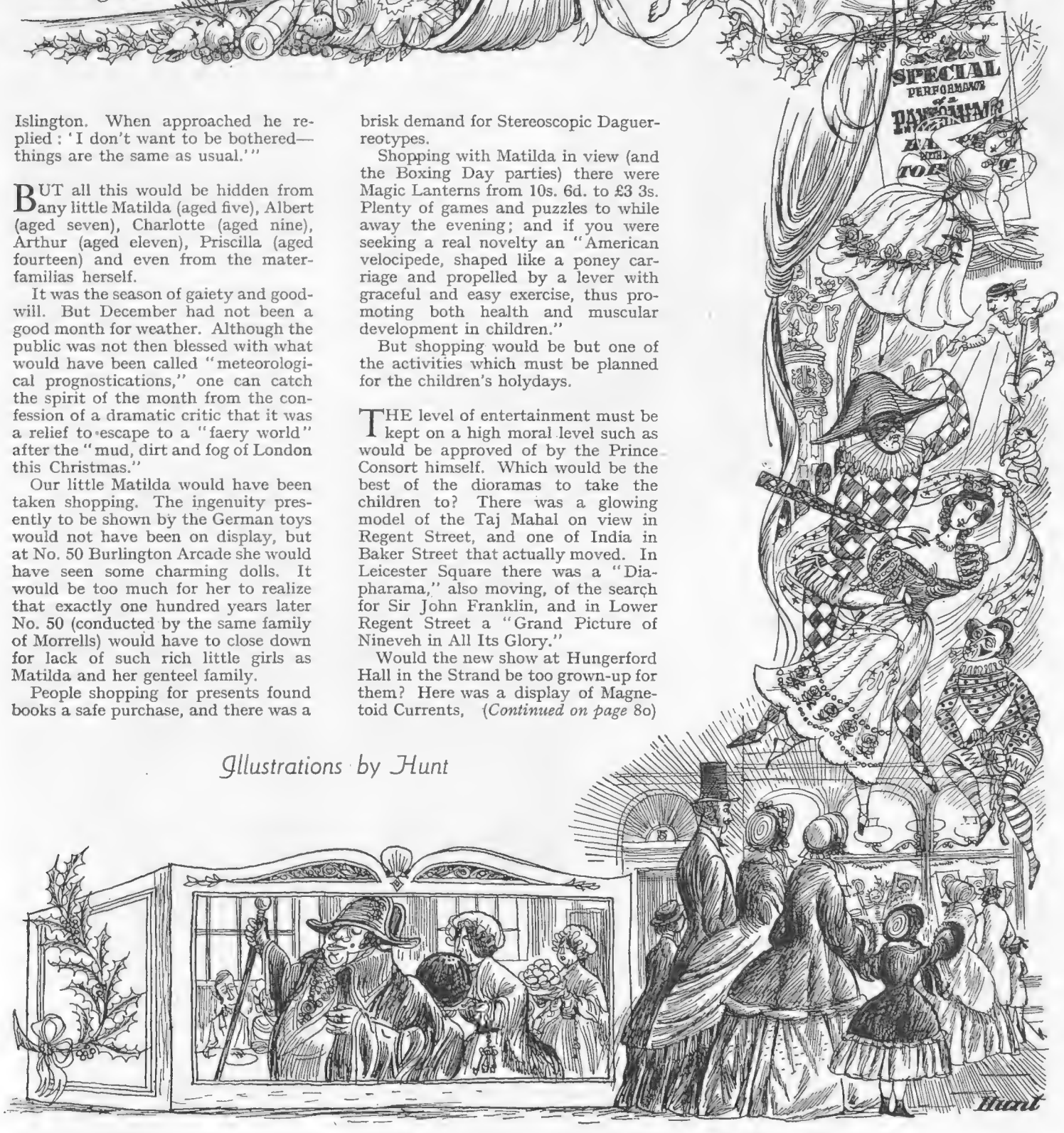
Shopping with Matilda in view (and the Boxing Day parties) there were Magic Lanterns from 10s. 6d. to £3 3s. Plenty of games and puzzles to while away the evening; and if you were seeking a real novelty an "American velocipede, shaped like a poney carriage and propelled by a lever with graceful and easy exercise, thus promoting both health and muscular development in children."

But shopping would be but one of the activities which must be planned for the children's holydays.

THE level of entertainment must be kept on a high moral level such as would be approved of by the Prince Consort himself. Which would be the best of the dioramas to take the children to? There was a glowing model of the Taj Mahal on view in Regent Street, and one of India in Baker Street that actually moved. In Leicester Square there was a "Diapharama," also moving, of the search for Sir John Franklin, and in Lower Regent Street a "Grand Picture of Nineveh in All Its Glory."

Would the new show at Hungerford Hall in the Strand be too grown-up for them? Here was a display of Magnetoid Currents, (*Continued on page* 80)

Illustrations by Hunt



(*Above*) Last December over 2,000 extra hands were recruited at London's Mount Pleasant to deal with the seasonal deluge of postings. (*Left*) Christmas buying is a matter on which everyone goes to town

This Yuletide Business

Even the festive Christmas has its commercial aspect—for there is no business like Christmas business

By GUY LIVINGSTON

HARDLY (it seems) has the door-knocker stopped echoing to the November demands of the penny-for-the-Guy collectors when it resounds again for the first Christmas waits. The tribute paid to these house-to-house heralds of Christmas is small enough in itself but it suggests, nevertheless, the shape of things to come. It is the first item of a seasonal pay-out that mounts up, as Christmas approaches, to make a grand collective total of hundreds of millions. It is the humble beginning of the Christmas spending spree.

That there's no business like Christmas business is an obvious truism. Heavy-laden but light-hearted December crowds packing the pavements and milling in and out of the stores proclaim that Christmas buying is a matter on which everybody goes to town—and in a bigger way than at any other time of the year. Is not one incessantly reminded, for the first three-and-a-half weeks of this gift-happy month, of the number of shopping days to Christmas?

Since the war particularly, Christmas has been for those who like to give and to celebrate—and who doesn't?—a matter of digging ever deeper into the pockets. If this year the digging process reaches new depths it will not be surprising; for soaring prices and unrelenting purchase-tax promise no decrease in Yuletide expenses. And so it goes on, this ever costlier postwar version of the good old-fashioned Christmas.

But there is more to it than recent inflation. Right throughout this last century the celebration of Christmas has been tending to become more lavish, more expensive. Is this in part due to Dickens, the alleged reviver of the old-time Merry Christmas? Hardly so, though many of the Christmas joys that Dickens depicted and popularized were certainly not obtainable without hard cash. It is perhaps that with steadily improving living standards and growing commercialism the material enjoyments of Christmas have become available to more and more people, and that a new and more open-handed tradition has thus arisen.

Father Christmas fills (by proxy) a million stockings and brings joy to as many children, and satisfaction to the toy industry

BUT to come back to 1951 : the fact remains that by the time fifty million citizens have wished their friends and relations a Happy Christmas in terms of cards and presents, after a vast number of families have bought their (*Continued on page* 78)

Short Story

By

G. Morrison Stewart

VOYAGE NOT COMPLETED

SHE had been to the authorities to see if they had decided to issue her with exit papers, but they had politely shaken their heads, and told her nothing had been decided as yet

IT was a desperate thing to do, but when a man is in love, insanely in love, as I was with my wife, he will risk anything, anything at all, if it will take his wife out of misery and give her a home filled with happiness—and freedom. And that is what I intended to do.

I was third mate on the American freighter, *Jacob Lee*, when she was on a steady run to Gdynia, Poland, and the first trip in I met Anna. Six trips later I married her. I was never so proud in all my life as I was that day. I had the most beautiful—I would have bet anyone—girl in the whole of Europe! Even though the wedding was a drab affair, officiated by a friendly little priest, who looked nervous all the time he was marrying us, my jubilation couldn't be dampened.

When we left the church and went to the small hotel, miraculously left whole, a freak among the other ruins of war around it, where I had arranged to spend our three-day honeymoon, I made Anna stand with her back to the window in the small room so I could wallow in her dark beauty. Her face was oval. She had classical features, the kind that sculptures well, and her blue-black hair, shining like polished steel, always thrilled me when I touched it—and her body!—well, there was none better I had seen anywhere after five years wandering the world. She had charm, too. When she smiled you could see the kindness of her nature shining on her lips.

"You make me feel . . . vot ees vord? . . . embarass—John."

"I love you, Anna Grabesky—and now Hammond!"

"I love you too, John Hammond."

"Say that again."

"I love you too, John Hammond."

"Again."

"I love you. . . ."

I stopped her.

"Come here."

She came to me slowly. I swallowed her with my eyes. She fitted into my arms perfectly. I sat down on a chair with her on my lap. Her fingers combed my hair.

"You have preety hair, John. Zo nice and blonde."

"I have everything!"

"Everyzing?"

"I have you. You are everything."

"You make fon ov me!"

"I love you!"

A frown darkened her face. I saw it right away and right away knew what caused it. I wanted to wipe it away but I couldn't. She was thinking about our future again, what was going to happen, wondering, all the time wondering, if we would ever be together in a home in the States? Would they ever let her go?

"You're thinking again, Anna," I said softly. "Don't, Anna."

"I can't help eet, John!"

"Don't, Anna. They'll let you go. The authorities promised me!"

"Zair promeeses are just lies!"

I held her closer. She clung to me, shivering slightly, a frightened girl in the arms of an uncertain man.

"They let others go. Look at the Polish girls who went to Canada."

"Zat voz tree years ago."

I FINGERED the green crêpe dress, her wedding dress, which my mother had bought for me in New York, and which I had smuggled at great risk through the Gdynia Customs. I didn't smuggle it because I didn't want to pay duty on it, but because my mother had told me I shouldn't see it before my bride wore it. Perhaps that is a foolish superstition? I don't know. All I know is, that though I'm no more superstitious than the average young sailor, I wasn't taking any chances of collecting any bad luck.

"Eet ees beautiful dress. But I have told you zat a hondred times."

"Two hundred!"

"But eet ees zo beautiful! Eet ees ze most beautiful dress in Poland!"

Her dark eyes were glittering. The fear had left them again, but it would only be for a little while.

"When you're in America I'll shower you with beautiful clothes."

She snuggled her head against my chest.

"Oh John, you are zo good to me!"

"Don't worry, darling. Everything will work out O.K. Before the ship leaves I'll pull every string in this town to get an exit visa for you. Just you wait and see. Who knows? you might be in the States before me yet! If you fly you will!"

"Oh, eef only eet vould com true, dear!"

BUT it didn't come true. I went back to New York where a letter from Anna awaited me. In it she said she had been to the authorities several times to see if they had decided to issue her with exit papers, but they had politely shaken their heads, and told her nothing had been decided as yet. She also said they told her that even though she was married to an American she was still a Polish citizen, and as such, would kindly abide with their rules or——. From the mood of the letter I knew she was scared.

When I left her, after I had badgered every official whose office I could get into in Gdynia, she had cried, almost hysterically, and said she was afraid.

After reading the letter, every day while the ship was loading cargo for Gdynia, was like a year. I fretted and worried and worried and went to a dozen different lawyers, asking each if there wasn't anything I could make the U.S. government do that would get Anna out of Poland. But they all had shaken their heads, saying it would take time—probably a long, long time!

On the run to Europe I didn't do my work very well. More than once, Captain Bewell, a rugged good-natured man with a gigantic girth, bawled me out. He didn't do it meanly, though. He did it in a human, advisory sort of way, which many old-timers of the sea, either through wisdom or experience, seem to possess.

After each bawling he'd give me I'd feel better. His loud voice, roaring at me on the bridge, where he always attacked me, seemed to scare the worry right out of me. He told me my worries were just like a bad sight taken with a faulty sextant, but eventually it would work out all right.

And then in the locks, just before we entered the Kiel canal, about ten in the morning, he drew me aside on the port wing of the bridge and told me something that nearly dropped me on the deck. By the expression among his weather thrashed features I knew something was wrong before he spoke. It concerned me, too. I could feel that.

"You've got a lot of work ahead of you in Gdynia this trip, son."

His voice was soft, kind, charged with emotion, like that of a father who is telling his son something that will break his heart.

"What do you mean, sir?"

He was silent for a moment. I looked over the side at the green fields where some cattle were grazing. Beyond the cattle was a white farmhouse surrounded by tall trees. It looked so quiet and peaceful, and made me think of my own youth on a farm.

"This is our last trip. I've just got a letter from the company saying we are no longer trading with Poland after this trip."

I could only stare at him, stare down at him. I was a good few inches taller than him, but those words seemed to shrink me to a schoolboy, leave me powerless, helpless. A minute went past before I could speak.

"But why?"

He shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Political reasons, I imagine."

"But Anna! How am I going to see Anna again if we stop running to Gdynia?"

"I don't know, John. You'll have to try and make arrangements to get her out this time."

"But I've done everything! She's done everything!"

A Polish Stowaway Makes A Thrilling Escape

His eyes were full of sympathy for me.

"Good luck, son. But don't do anything rash. You're very impulsive at times."

FROM then on I was like a man demented. I hardly heard or knew anything that went on about me. I was so wrapped up in Anna and what I was going to do about her on arrival in Gdynia. The shouting of the people who lined the banks of the canal as we sped through it was barely audible to me. Before, on other trips through the Kiel, I, like the rest of the crew, as they were now, was always greatly amused by the antics of the boys and girls who run for miles keeping up with the ship along the canal banks, and shouting for cigarettes and chocolates, and then diving into the water after them when we tossed them in.

Concentrating on my work going through the canal was as hard as plotting the murder of my best friend would be, I was thankful we had a pilot aboard. If there hadn't been, I'm sure the captain, good and swell guy that he was, would have ordered me off the bridge.

By the time we were in the Baltic I had several schemes hatching. They were good ones too. The Old Man had asked me several times on the way through the canal if I had thought of anything worth while. I said I hadn't. Though he liked me and would have backed me up in most anything I attempted, unfortunately the one scheme I had decided to use would have to exclude any assistance from him. He would never have agreed to it.

The Gdynia harbour looked quiet and drab the morning we docked. It was early, a little before five, and the only people about were officials, uniformed guards, usually up to no good, and two rope tenders. Daylight was just arriving, crawling out of the hills and through the naked streets of the city down to the waterfront. A few Russian freighters, two Swedes, and a British tramp lay alongside the long quay. We were the only American in port.

"THIS is our only chance, dear. It won't be for long. As soon as we're in the Baltic I'll get you out"

Illustrations by Steven Spurrier

AS soon as the ship was cleared I was ashore and up to the house away at the back of the city where Anna lived. Going through the streets to Anna excited me like a kid. Though I was twenty-five. I felt more like ten. Anna knew I was coming to-day, but she didn't know what time, and when I hammered on her door and she opened it and saw me she made me think of a tortured soul being freed from hell. She flew into my arms. I picked her up and carried her into a dingy little room. I sat down on the hard sofa under the window and hugged her. She cried, cried with joy, and we both used the words which only those who love know.

An hour later I told her I was taking her with me when the ship left. For a minute she didn't understand properly. She thought I had somehow, miraculously, arranged a legitimate passage for her on the *Jacob Lee*. Then it dawned on her, changing her face into a mask of fear which tore at my very existence.

"You mean hide me on sheep?"

"Yes, darling. I must do it. This is my last trip here."

"Last trip! Oh no!"

"That's why I have to take you with me, Anna."

"But zay vill find me! Zay search all sheeps before zay leave."

"Not where I'll hide you, they won't."

"Oh, John, I'm afraid!"

I began to hurt all over inside, as if I had been beaten unconscious a day ago and was just recovering now.

"It's the only way, Anna."

"But ven I do not go to vork ze day ze sheep sails zay vill sospect somsing!"

"The ship's sailing at night."

"How vill I get on board?"

I outlined my plan to her.

IN the evening of the day of sailing I sneaked her aboard disguised as a sailor. Both of us acted drunk and staggered about waving a bottle of vodka. Anna had her hair bundled up under a balaclava and her face was daubed with black paint spots. The sailors had been painting that day and when I disguised her I thought it best to have her looking exactly as the guards had seen the sailors all day. The guards at the dock gates and the gangway avoided us. They had had several unpleasant incidents with drunk sailors.

Most of the crew were ashore, having a farewell drink, when we went aboard. I knew they would be and had timed the boarding accordingly. Everything went well. Nobody but the guards had seen us.

I hurried Anna along the after deck and down into the steering flat in the stern. Here I lifted a steel plate which covered a manhole into the after peak water ballast tank. The tank was three-quarters full (*Continued on page 70*)

Amongst those whose novels have reached the top is Margaret Mitchell. The fate of her novel, *Gone with the Wind*, gives some indications of the money that can be made from best-sellers. Selling more than three million copies, *Gone with the Wind* gave Miss Mitchell more than £30,000. Milton, on the other hand, received only £15 for *Paradise Lost*

By SAMUEL NAPIER

Are Best-Selling Authors Heading For Hard Times?

Success and fortune lie in many directions, but they do not usually come overnight

RECENTLY best-selling authors have joined the ranks of those protesting that writers are really hard-hit to-day. Successful writer John Brophy thinks that the library readers are getting a read on the cheap. Michael Sadleir, one of the richest authors in the land, suggests that local libraries should have a box on the counter into which donations for authors should be dropped. The facts are, however, that best-selling authors are still making a steady, handsome income.

Author C. S. Forester who has written nearly forty books, including the best-selling *Hornblower* series, to-day at fifty earns £25,000 a year by working an hour a day.

He is one of the many of to-day's popular authors who have reached the top and spend their time writing best-sellers.

Most people at some time in their lives imagine themselves writing a brilliant novel that will bring fame and fortune overnight. In fact, one well-known publisher believes that each person has within him the material for one really good book. Although there is both fame and wealth in literary achievement it rarely happens overnight.

Despite the many problems of rising costs and paper shortages, the top-line authors are still making fortunes.

Ruby M. Ayres makes about £20,000 a year. Every novel she writes is serialized before the book is published. In that way she makes an extra £600.

Daphne du Maurier—a successful novelist—also makes money from film rights. Film royalties on *Frenchman's Creek*, for instance, totalled £30,000, and *Rebecca* gave her another £10,000.

Howard Spring, whose success as a novelist merits his inclusion amongst any selection of outstanding modern authors, claimed that he was either pushed or lured into the jobs that provided the stepping stones from a five shillings a week office boy on a newspaper in Cardiff to the position in which he now finds himself. But, in spite of the fact that he had always intended to write novels, he was middle-aged (*Continued on page 78*)

Edgar Wallace offered the manuscript of *The Four Just Men* to a publisher for £5, and the offer was refused. Eventually its sales exceeded four million copies, and it is still selling

ELIZABETH'S CHRISTMAS REVELS

Elizabeth's revels at Hampton Court coincided with the most dramatic years of her tussle with Mary, Queen of Scots, when Mary became a captive in her hands.

She and her favourite, Leicester, were once found sitting on the floor in the Privy Chamber, listening to a boy lute-player.

IN a reign noted for its pageantry, nothing could surpass the splendour of Elizabeth's Christmas revels at Hampton Court, the palace she most favoured for relaxation and festivity. Affairs of State might thicken and tangle about her and deadly intrigue encompass her. No matter. She would plan more magnificent celebrations, enter into them with but greater abandon. The 1570's were the most dramatic years of her long-drawn tussle with Mary, Queen of Scots. She and her ministers were constantly menaced by Jesuit plots and could hardly count themselves safe from danger for an hour.

In 1571 she had seen Pope Pius V. issue a bull denouncing her as a depraved woman, depriving her of her sovereign rights in the eyes of the Church, absolving her subjects from allegiance, and excommunicating all who should abet her.

She had to cope with a conspiracy to free Mary from captivity, depose herself from the throne, and restore the Catholic faith. The master-plotter in England was an Italian agent in the guise of a merchant banker, Ridolfi, who induced a number of powerful nobles to conspire against the Queen under the leadership of the Duke of Norfolk, with the promise of Mary's hand in marriage as his reward.

When the plot was discovered Elizabeth did not hesitate to order the rack to be used to extort confessions from two of Norfolk's servants. Ridolfi admitted before the council that "the Catholics were resolved to seize the Queen's person, or to assassinate her, during one of her progresses in the country, and that the Marquess Vitelli had offered to strike the blow," though Norfolk passionately denied having the least evil intention against her.

Despite his protestations, she had to steel herself to sign his death-warrant, and he was executed on Tower Hill. It was a time of plot and counterplot, of ceaseless strain, anxiety and vigilance; yet when Christmas came there was no shadow on the festivities, and the roystering at Hampton Court touched its zenith.

From Christmas Eve to Twelfth Night there were banquets, balls, masquerades, in the Great Hall and galleries; masques and plays, with superb scenic effects on a stage at the lower end of the hall, in front of the screens and minstrels' gallery. Afterwards the Queen and her courtiers and ladies retired to the Withdrawing Room, where more minstrels played and Elizabeth would dance a coranto or galliard.

She was fond of music and dancing, played on the lute and virginals, and sometimes sang to her courtiers and ladies. Hearing of Mary's skill at playing, had she not once arranged that her rival's agent, Melville, should "accidentally" sample her own? Lord Hunsdon purposely took him into a quiet gallery where they could hear her playing, lifted aside the tapestry cloaking a door, and crept in.

Pretending to be annoyed at the intrusion, Elizabeth demanded: "How come you here?" "I heard such melody

Story by
ARNOLD WAREING.

Illustrations by
JACK MATTHEW.

Roystering at Hampton Court reached its zenith from Christmas Eve to Twelfth Night. There were banquets, balls, masquerades, in the Great Hall, masques and plays in front of the minstrels' gallery.

as ravished me, whereby I was drawn in," he replied, adding further flowery compliments. She then asked whether she or Mary played the better and received the assurance due to majesty. Melville, whether he agreed or not, was suitably impressed and Elizabeth more than pleased. He had even been asked how her looks compared with Mary's—a question needing tactful handling.

Jealous of Mary's vaunted accomplishments, she took pride in having always plenty of music at Hampton Court, where at least a hundred players on trumpet, lute, harp, flute, sackbut, entertained her while she dined or supped. She and her favourite, Leicester, were once found sitting on the floor in the Privy Chamber, listening raptly to a boy lute-player.

SO there was no dearth of music at Christmas to fill the Palace with jollity and harmony—nor of seasonal fare to fill the bellies of the revellers: barrels of beer, hogsheads of wine, venison, hares, rabbits and other game, teals, snipe, larks, ducketts, capons, everything the heart could wish.

By day there would be jousting in the tilt-yard, with the ladies applauding their champions, tennis, shooting, hunting, and all the village games of Merrie England. The hunting in the park and surrounding country was made idyllic with picturesque pageantry. Under a rustic bower the Queen's musicians played. A nymph, with a sweet song, would deliver into her hands the cross-bow with which to shoot at the deer.

Even hunting had to be ceremonial, as in her younger days, when she might be attended by a dozen lovely ladies in white satin on prancing palfreys and a retinue of courtiers in "russet damask and blue embroidered satin, tasselled and spangled with silver, with bonnets of cloth of silver, with green feathers," and on entering the chase was met by fifty archers in green, with scarlet belts, yellow caps, gilded bows, who presented to her a silver-headed arrow winged with peacock's feathers.

THE gardens of the Palace were her special pride and care. She had them well-kept, with new plants in the ornamental beds, rosemary trained on the walls, and bowers built in the most charming retreats.

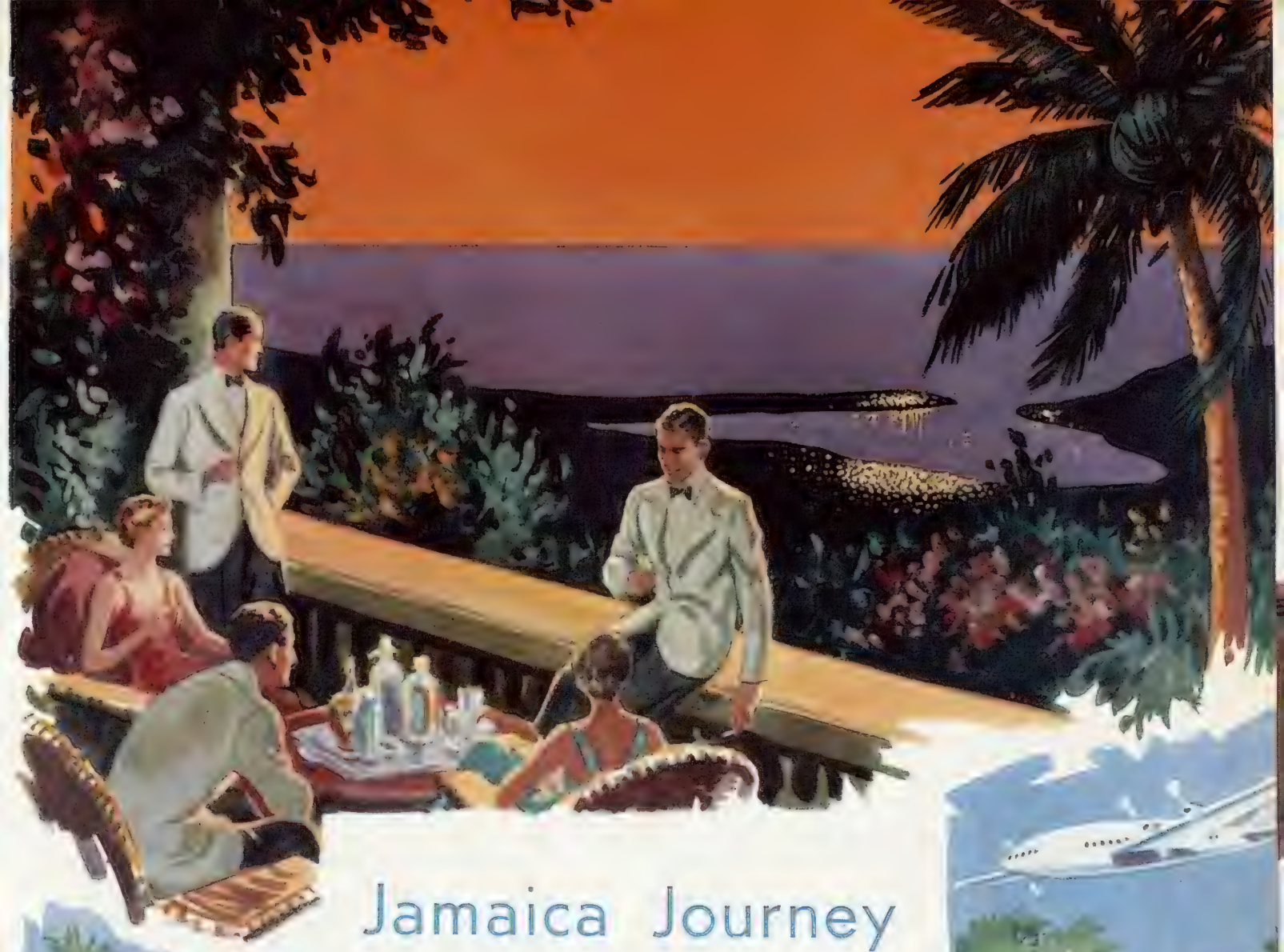
As for her Privy apartment where she was accustomed to sit in State, the Duke of Würtemberg described it as "costly beyond everything; the tapestries are garnished with gold, pearls and precious stones—one table-cover alone is valued at above fifty thousand crowns—not to mention the royal throne, which is studded with very large diamonds, rubies, sapphires and the like that glitter among other precious stones and pearls as the sun among the stars."

There was, too, the "Paradise" room which "captivates the eyes of all who enter, by the dazzling of pearls of all kinds." In sum, he deemed Elizabeth's Hampton Court the most magnificent Royal palace in England or any other kingdom; and never could it have looked so superb as during the Christmas festivities.

"My Lords, I am glad to see you, for methinks I have been kept a great while from you, desolately alone."

HOW different when her elder sister, Mary Tudor, was Queen, newly wedded to Philip II. of Spain, and she, a Princess of twenty-one, was summoned to the Palace from Woodstock and virtually kept a prisoner under suspicion of being concerned in intrigues against her!

Hampton Court, that melancholy year, had seemed as gloomy as a gaol. No State entry through the main gateway, no ceremonial ushering into the Queen's presence. Instead, she was smuggled like a guilty offender (*Continued on page* 60)



Jamaica Journey

Jamaica gives a first impression of overwhelming beauty and wonder

MY friends had left the hotel. An ennui possessed me. I wearied of standing on a little jetty in the full moon and looking at the twinkling lights of a banana boat against the quay, of watching shark and barracuda plunging after shoals of little fish. The Caribbean was certainly beautiful, but more so, I realized, on the north Jamaican coast, and I suddenly knew that I must leave Kingston.

It was pure illusion, that sense of isolation and security which the cosy, resplendent Myrtle Bank Hotel conferred. Walls cannot deceive the sensitive imagination. The squalor and the slums were there all right, two minutes from the imposing, palm-decked entrance. And, knowing it, I had to get away.

Ostrich, did you say? You have to be an ostrich in Jamaica or you will fret, grieve and suffer abominably for the want, the hopelessness and agony of the people. Your trip, conceived as a holiday, will degenerate into a martyrdom. So prepare your mind in advance.

But if, in Jamaica, man and his works are mean and ugly, nature by contrast is gorgeous and abundant. It is not surprising that, in *The Sea and the Jungle*, H. M. Tomlinson wrote of Jamaica: "We had, close over our port bow, the most beautiful island in the world. It is useless to deny it, and to declare you know a better island." That, of course, was the mariner's impression on approaching its verdant, palmy shores, with the Blue Mountain range softly outlined against a tropical sky, but if you approach it, as I did, by B.O.A.C., you receive an immediate impression of (*Continued on page* 56)

By
SAM HEPPNER

ON her twenty-sixth birthday Miss Smith accepted the post of governess to the children of the Comtesse de Champearré. She was then a frail and timid young woman who walked on the tips of her toes as if ready to spring aside at the least sign of aggression.

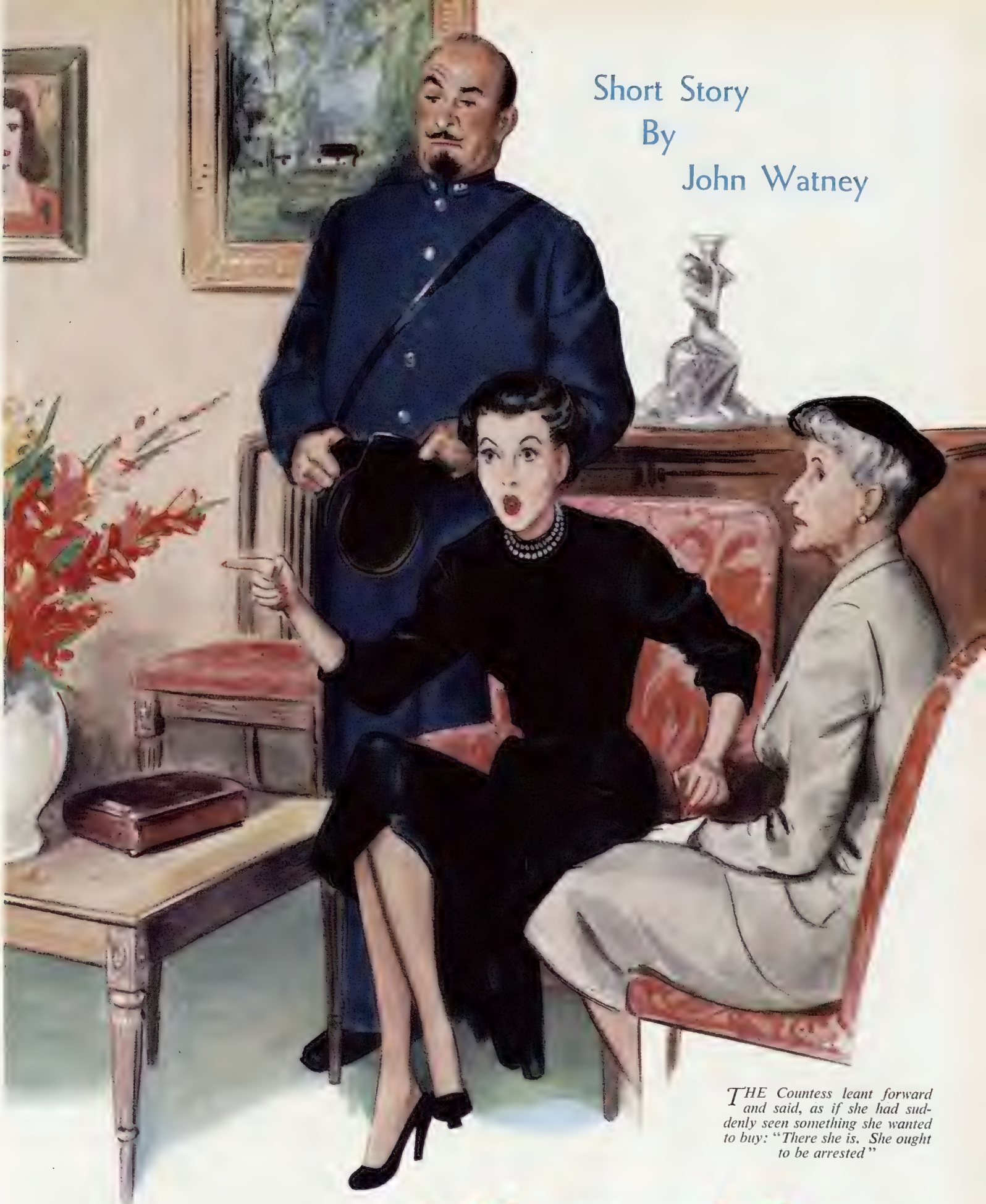
Nobody had ever been known to look at her twice, for her pointed face with its expression of permanent and bewildered stubbornness was not one to attract emotions of any description.

So that when the news of her Great Adventure in France began to come back to England, her friends said "Impossible." "It can't be." "Not *Gladys* Smith?" Those who knew her well, however, were not surprised, for only they had seen, from time to time, something of the adventurous spirit that was imprisoned beneath her meekly lowered eyelids.

"Oh dear," she had said in her flat voice to her best friend before leaving, "I know that something dreadful is going to take place on the French train.

Illustration by
D. L. WYNNE

Short Story
By
John Watney



THE Countess leant forward and said, as if she had suddenly seen something she wanted to buy: "There she is. She ought to be arrested"

A Diamond Ring

A timid and frail English governess becomes involved in a Continental robbery

It always does." Her friend tried to reassure her, but Miss Smith, who did not want to be reassured at all, continued to forecast the most terrible calamities.

To her disappointment, however, nothing unusual occurred on the journey to Paris; but she felt, as she climbed up into the wagon-lit coach at Austerlitz Station, that on this train, with Barcelona as its destination, something exciting would be sure to happen. (*Continued on page* 60)

My Cornish Homes

Cornwall is a land of scenic contrasts —contrasts which have moulded a people, hard working, hospitable and kind

I WONDER if any other county in Britain offers quite so much contrast as Cornwall?

Of course—each of the other counties! That's what the residents of the counties would say, with aggressive looks that dared you to deny them. Perhaps they are right. All the same, I have lived in many parts of Britain—Wales, Lancashire, Scotland, the Midlands, Yorkshire, Sussex, and many of the Home Counties—and I can't help feeling that in none of them did I find quite the contrasts and, indeed, paradoxes, which I have encountered here in Cornwall.

No doubt I have been fortunate. During the five or six years I have lived in Cornwall, circumstances have established me in several different parts of the county. I have lived in cottages and mansions, in hotels and houses—yes, and what's more, in a theatre and in a castle! The theatre was in the centre of Cornwall's busiest industrial town—the castle on the edge of a bleak and lonely cliff headland. Altogether, I have had good reason to learn for myself the surprising extent of the contrasts that go to make up England's most westerly county.

My first Cornish home was a little two-roomed cottage on the side of Trencrom Hill, just outside St. Ives. I came to it by chance, but in fact I could hardly have picked a more suitable position from which to begin my acquaintance with Cornwall, in all its contrasts.

Within a few miles' radius of the cottage lay the industrial town and seaport of Hayle—and cobble-streeted, picturesque St. Ives, home of Britain's largest artists' colony; the golden beaches of Porthminster and Carbis Bay, studded with gaily dressed holidaymakers—and the gaunt, always lonely hills and moors of West Penwith, whose brooding presence seems accentuated by the occasional skeleton (*Continued on page 66*)

By DENYS VAL BAKER

FRED thought for a moment. Then he said: "All right. It's a deal. Put them face downwards on the table and I'll pick one"

Short Story By Keith Horan

THE LETTER

FRED MARSLAND flung himself down into a long chair on the veranda. He was hot and tired. Tired by the eternal bludgeoning of the sun, at its fiercest now just before the monsoon; tired of the endless, orderly vistas of the bright green tea-bushes; and, above all, sick to death of having to share a bungalow with Richard Trengrouse, the other assistant.

Richard was a black-browed, taciturn Cornishman, who seldom spoke and still less ever left the tea-garden. He went about with the air of a man who was the sole possessor of some deadly secret and he wrote and received quantities of letters every week. For some reason that he could not explain, this fact rankled with Fred.

He knew he himself was hail-fellow-well-met with everyone and had lots of friends, but he never got a letter. Being an orphan, of course, made a difference, but surely somebody might write to him sometimes. He glanced round at the table to see if tea was ready and saw the familiar bundle of letters and newspapers, done up with string, that betokened the English mail.

"Hell!" he muttered. "Here we go again. I'll bet a hundred rupees there's nothing for me."

He cut the string and sorted quickly through the envelopes. As he thought. Eight letters and three illustrated papers —all for Richard. Nothing, absolutely nothing, to relieve the monotony.

He turned away in disgust and shouted to the khitmagar to bring tea.

Presently Richard came in from the bathroom.

"Don't bother to check them. They're all for you, as usual," said Fred.

"That's your fault, not mine," returned Richard. "You should write to people, then you'd get an answer."

He picked up the bundle, poured himself a cup of tea and started turning the pages of an illustrated paper.

"Aren't you going to let me look at one?" asked Fred. "You've got three."

"When I've finished with them you can. After all they are mine."

"Oh! very well. I'm sorry I asked." The man's selfishness annoyed him. "But I know one thing," Fred went on. "I'd give a hundred rupees for just one unexpected letter. One out of the 'blue.'"

Richard paused, his cup to his lips.

"Would you?" he replied, slowly. "I

could do with a hundred chips."

"What do you mean?" Fred demanded.

"What I say. You give me the dough and you can have one of my letters. Any one you like."

Fred thought for a moment. Then he said: "All right. It's a deal. Put them face downwards on the table and I'll pick one."

"Why face down?"

"So that you won't know what letter I've got. It might rile you if you knew I was reading a love letter from your best girl."

Richard grunted. "No fear of that," he said, then, with obvious unwillingness, did as Fred suggested.

Fred picked a letter up at random and slipped it quickly into his pocket.

"Thanks," he said, laconically. "Here's your money." He got out of his chair and went to his room whistling; all his moroseness gone.

Richard watched him through lowered lids. The man must be "bats," he thought. He's probably picked my overdraft statement from the bank. He started to read his mail.

A FEW minutes later he was conscious of low chuckles of laughter coming from Fred's room.

He began to be intrigued. There must have been something interesting, or at least amusing, in that letter for Fred to carry on like this. He searched his mail to see if any of his usual letters were missing. No: they were all there. He was expecting nothing else. What the hell could it be?

Later they sat down to their habitual meal of stringy fowl and tinned fruit. Fred prattled away cheerfully about every subject under the sun except the one that by now was predominant in Richard's mind.

At last the latter could stand it no longer.

"By the way," he asked, his voice strained with the effort of trying to appear casual, "that letter must have been good. I heard you laughing. Who was it from?"

"I'm not telling you," replied Fred, flatly.

"What!"

"I said I'm not telling you."

"Well, what was it about?"

"That's my business."

"Well, I'm damned! It's my letter."

"No it isn't. I bought and paid for it and it's my letter. I don't ask you what your letters are about."

Richard looked at him, flabbergasted.

"I only did it for your sake, as a sort of joke," he said.

"I appreciate that fact"—Fred was slightly pompous—"and I also appreciate that I paid for your fun. A hundred rupees is no joke, you know; at least not to me."

Richard felt his temper rising. "You're a nice sort of pal," he said, angrily. "I try and do you a good turn because you're always moaning about getting no letters and then you turn and let me down like this. That's gratitude for you, I don't think."

"What do you mean; let you down? You made the suggestion and I'm sticking to the bargain. It's you that's ratting, not me."

Richard scraped back his chair and jumped to his feet. "I can't sit all night arguing with people like you," he raged. "I'm off to bed. You can keep the bloody letter. I'm not interested."

"Not much you aren't," muttered Fred, smiling to himself as Richard's door slammed. "I'll make you sweat for a week or two and teach you a lesson."

THE weather did nothing to help the strained relationship that now grew up between the two men. There was news of storm-winds and tumultuous seas from the south, but no sign of breaking in the brazen, cloudless sky that, day by weary day, blazed down at them, wrapping them round in a dry, suffocating oven-heat that was almost unbearable.

Curiosity Is A Cruel And Terrible Thing When It Knows No Bounds

Fred remained flagrantly cheerful, but all his advances were met with curt monosyllables or bleak silences. Eventually Richard took to reading and eating in his own room where he sat with the sweat running down his arms and back, rather than face the comparative coolness of the veranda and the proximity of the man he had begun to hate.

Daily the mercury climbed, relentless as doom; and daily Richard sat in his room brooding—silent and vengeful—the fret and urge of his curiosity turned to a mania that he no longer had the wish or the power to control.

At last, after one intolerable day when the sky had changed from a leaden obscurity to a burnished copper and vague clouds hung, obscene and motionless, their under-sides shadowed with purple and amber, Richard's attitude suddenly altered. He went to Fred's room and knocked.

"Come in," Fred called.

"We're behaving like a couple of blasted kids," Richard began, without preamble. "For God's sake, let's stop it. Here's your money. Give me back my letter and forget it all."

Fred looked up. He was on the point of agreeing whole-heartedly with the proposal when the memory of months of Richard's downright rudeness and selfish costiveness swept over him. No, he thought. I'll make him wait a bit longer. Just until the rains break, perhaps. That shouldn't be long and it will do the blighter good. Aloud he said: "I agree we're carrying on like fools, but that is your fault. I don't see that I am under any obligation to sell my property. In fact I have no intention whatever of doing so."

"Is that your last word?" Richard's voice was very quiet.

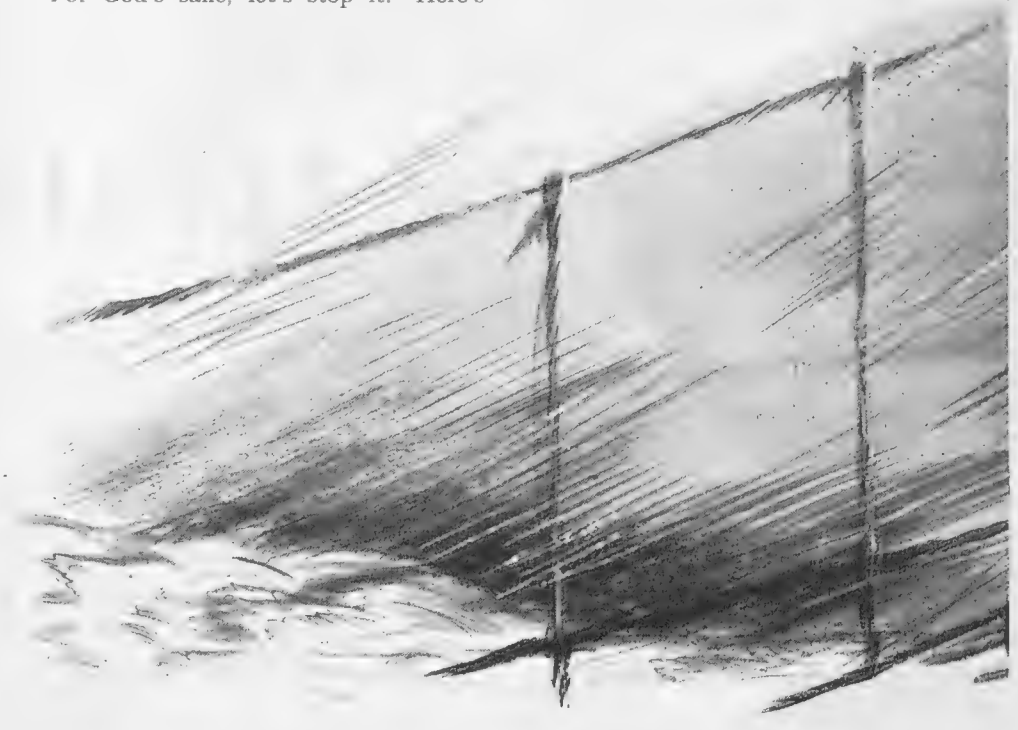
"Absolutely."

Richard paused for a moment. Then he spoke and his tone was more cheerful than it had been for weeks. "Very well. Forget it. Come on. Let's go down to the club. We both need a change and the rains may break any day and then we shall be stuck here for weeks."

Fred jumped up. "Certainly," he said, cheerfully. "I'd like to come. You get the car while I slip into some presentable clothes."

GOING down to the club meant a journey of some fifteen miles over an appalling, breath-taking road. It began quietly on the upland plateau on which the tea-garden was situated, but after a mile or two, it fell over the mountainside in a winding, precipitous drop. The valleys deepened into green, forest-clad gorges and stupendous chasms and the opposite hills receded across far distances and became vast phantasms, veiled by the heat-haze rising from the valleys. Up again it soared to cross a mountain saddle, with an overhanging precipice on one side and, on the other, an unfenced drop to the green-grey sea of tree-tops a thousand feet below.

From the saddle it dropped again in a series of giddy, hairpin bends until it crossed a river gorge high on an airy bridge; a terrifying contraption with a low hand-rail, that shook and swayed on its suspension cables as the car crossed it,



ILLUSTRATIONS BY
A. R. WHITEAR

IT was a nerve-racking walk The wind tore viciously at their clothing and the bridge shook and rocked sickeningly. Below came the thunder of the fast-rising river

and from which the passengers could look vertically downwards to the black water sliding among the rocks below them.

Then, as if to apologize for its truculence, the road dipped gently to the forest, roofed by spreading branches; and so out on to a steaming plain of grass lands and tiny brown villages.

As they drove into the club compound dusk was beginning to fall and fat, grey, bulbous clouds, laced by vivid lightning flashes round their verges, were driving their stormy road across the heavens to the hard rock-edges of the mountains.

THE club was typical of thousands that solitary white men have created to assuage their loneliness in the isolated corners of the earth. A long bar for men only; a more comfortably furnished room where all the wives collected, swapped scandal and read the month-old English papers; a billiards and card room at the back.

Fred and Richard were soon engulfed in the crowd round the bar. Fat men, thin men. Some tanned dusk-red with sun and wind, others pale from a recent attack of malaria or from years of stooping over a desk in some heat-saturated Government office.

"Hallo, Richard! Heard this one?"

"What's your poison, Fred?"

"Yes. He's just out. Nice enough lad, but wants his wings clipping. . . ."

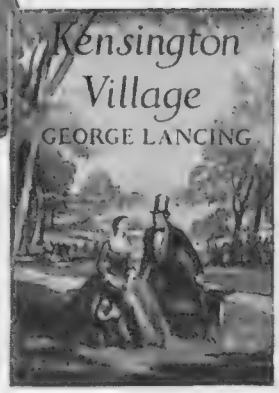
"Took her to dinner at Scotts, like a fool. Nice little filly, but. . . ."

"Threw my hand (*Continued on page* 82)

Books:

Reviewed by

Trevor Allen



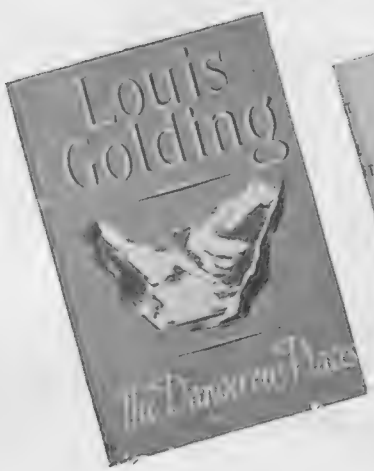
I DO not believe, as some contend, that a happy marriage has no story—least of all at Christmas, and after reading a fascinating account of one. Mrs. Mary Hamilton's "The Silver Road" (Wingate, 12s. 6d.) purports to be the "largely autobiographical" memoir of Robert Erskine of Castle Erskine, Ballinrogue, Co. Meath, written by his widow Rosemary. He joined the 12th Hussars at Shorncliffe in the eighties, served at Lagos with the Gold Coast Constabulary, then in Ireland with the Royal Irish Fusiliers, went to Florida, married in ninety-nine, died in 1942. Nothing unusually startling or dramatic; but out of his life and their marriage Mrs. Hamilton has created, in brightly coloured folkweave, one of the best family chronicles I have ever read, with particularly good stories of Army life in the eighties. A sergeant who bought a bicycle, for example, roused his comrades' indignation. They seized it and smashed it to bits, saying: "This is an 'orse regiment, and if 'is perishin' 'orse ain't a good enough mount for a King's 'Ussar 'e better transfer to the perishin' foot." It is humorous and deeply touching; every line rings true.

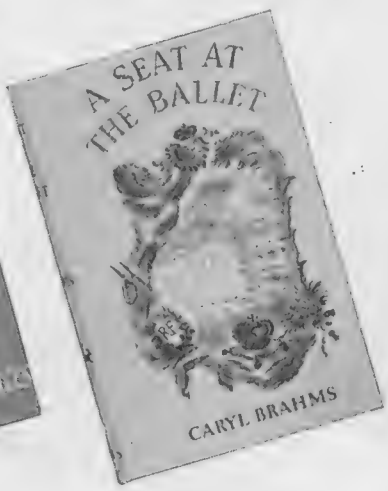
WHAT a musical dynasty is the Goossens'! Marie, Sidonie, Leon, Eugene, their father and grandfather, all distinctive musicians. Eugene Goossens accordingly has a wealth of reminiscence to draw upon in his autobiography, "Overture and Beginners" (Methuen, 18s.), starting with great-grandfather, the Bruges master silversmith who came to England to better himself, and saw his son conduct for Carl Rosa. A wit, this son, Eugene I. When a renowned *basso* objected to being pulled up as Mephistopheles, saying "I know the part upside down," he retorted: "That's quite evident. But we don't play it that way in this company!" Anyone eager to know the inside of a musician's life, from R.C.M. and Queen's Hall Orchestra (£3 a week) onwards, has it here admirably recorded, with sidelights on famous personalities.

CHRISTMAS without a new book on the ballet? Unthinkable! Caryl Brahms says her function in "A Seat at the Ballet" (Evans, 12s. 6d.) is "to act as a kind of Man from Cooks to the moderately new ballet-goer," explaining masterpieces and dancers' technique as an enthusiast. Photographs of stars in action illustrate her brilliant commentary.

WAS the Guy Fawkes affair a conspiracy of Catholics against the Government, or of the Government against the Catholics, with Fawkes a mere tool and Robert Cecil as *agent-provocateur* anxious to kill James I's new tolerant policy and restore the anti-Catholic laws in all their severity? Hugh Ross Williamson inclines to the latter view, after studying the relevant papers at Hatfield House and weighing the pros and cons of the matter. "The Gunpowder Plot" (Faber, 21s.) is not only a piece of historic detection absorbingly expounded; it almost persuades us that in future there should be a Guy Cecil as well as Guy Fawkes, the kids to choose the one that earns the more pennies and burns better.

LIKE many others, I have been kept off *The Canterbury Tales* by ye olde Englishe, which seemed to me from schooldays on, ye olde (*Continued on page* 56)





TAKING THE WATERS

WHAT would you, in a handy book for a present? Something well written, of wide general interest, that looks good and has striking pictures? William Addison's **"English Spas"** (Batsford, 16s.) should save a lot of indecision. It traces their growth from holy wells whose cures were reputed to come from the saints, not the water; their development through the Restoration, eighteenth century and Regency, when they became leading social haunts, mirrors of manners and fashion. Nothing could be more diverting than the stories of the gallants and ladies who "took the waters"—and sundry other "cures" of a less tepid kind—as an antidote to boredom as well as ills. Mr. Addison records the whole historic pageant of these towns and cities of which we are justly proud, and illustrates it with quaint prints and photographs.

No special artistic qualifications are needed to produce these charming and original Christmas cards at a cost of a few pence each if you...

Make Them Yourself

THE pleasant remembrance of good friends by the exchange of Christmas cards can prove an expensive pleasure. With the high prices of shop-bought cards, the only solution seems to be to make them yourself. Here are ideas for cards that require no special artistic talent which anyone can make at home.

Lightly iron small embroidery transfers on to stiff paper and fill in the design with paint or chalks. A sprig of flowers in brilliant colours or a monogram in white on coloured paper will look enchanting, while baby rabbits, chicks and ducks are fun for children's cards. A splash of colour behind the motif gives the finishing touch to the two examples illustrated.

In the right hand top picture an embroidery initial transfer is applied to a folded sheet of deckle-edge coloured notepaper. The initial is filled in with ink or with paint applied on a fine brush. A similar method is used for the card in the centre picture. A thick gaily coloured paper is used for the card with a simple embroidery transfer ironed on to the centre. Chalk, paint or coloured ink can be used to fill in the colours.

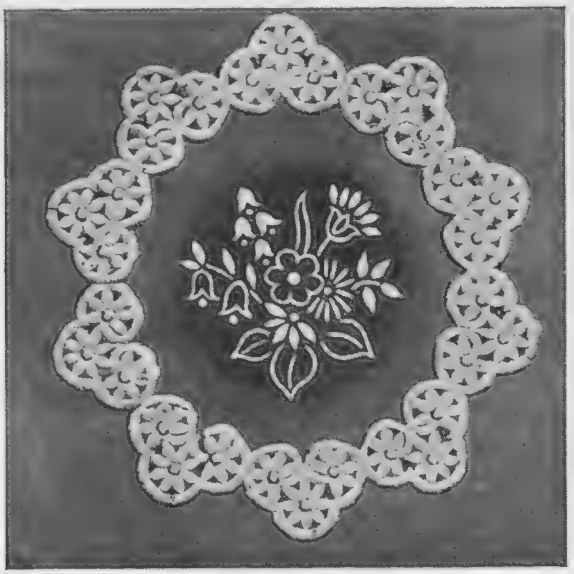
Another effective idea is to stick designs from paper doilys on to bright coloured backgrounds. Cut out motifs like the roses in the illustration below and use the borders or inner circles to make lacy frames.

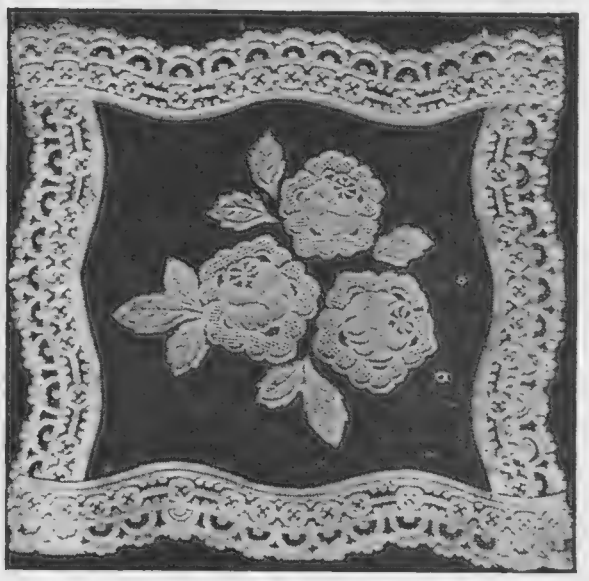
The card in the lower right hand corner looks effective with white on black drawing paper. The card on the left of it combines the method of using embroidery tracings and doily paper together. In this case a thick, bright-green paper makes a background for the transfer which is filled in with white paint and encircled with a cut-out garland of doily paper.

Try copying the little angel, or cut his robe wider and shorter and you have started a ballerina—a circle for the head and matchstick arms and legs are all that is needed, then add a streamer of real ribbon for her sash.

Large sheets of stiff coloured paper can be bought for 6d. at most art shops; gold and silver gilt papers make very handsome backgrounds but these will need mounting on firmer paper. Doilys average 1d. each. Be careful to use a light, colourless gum or paste.

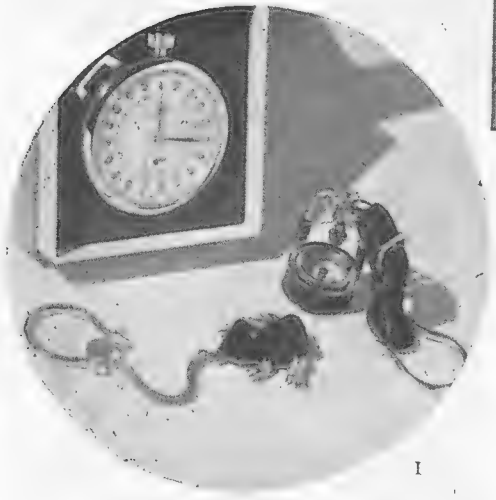
The cards shown here cost roughly 2d. each to produce whereas in the shops, the more elaborate ones might sell for much more. They may take a little time and trouble to make, but what bigger compliment could you pay to your friends?





Something Different

Most of these presents have the double appeal of novelty and inexpensiveness. For details of where they can be obtained, please turn to page 68



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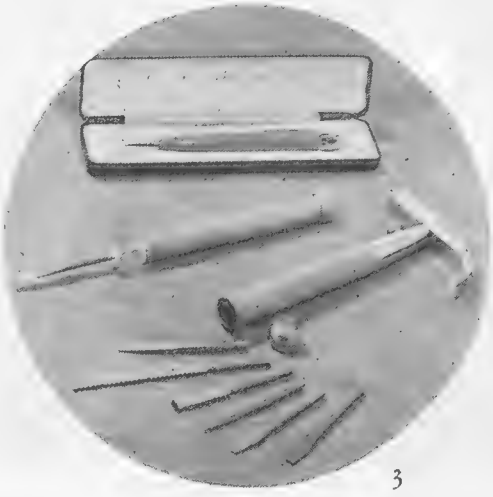

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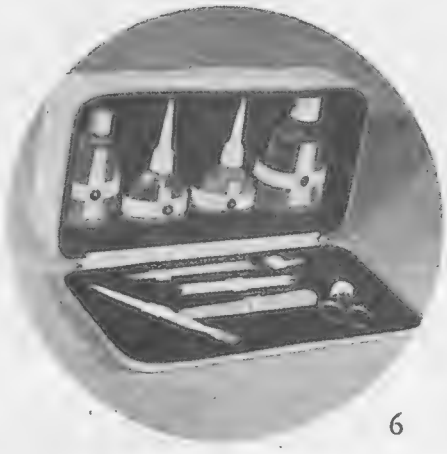


6

LEFT centre: A pottery lamp base (39s. 6d.) and pie frill adaptable shade in a variety of subtle colours, 28s. Flowers settle the gift problem for distant friends. Interflora will wire them anywhere in the world. Orchids and lilies-of-the-valley make the corsage shown. Ruby glass clover leaf ashtray, £2 8s. Novel and sensible, too, is a travelling jewel case (foreground) in quilted silk, velvet lined, 13s. 11d. The rope of pearls—the ever acceptable gift—is by Ciro. Crackers for somebody's stocking hold Goya perfumes, 6s. each. A box of Dubarry face powder, packed with a pretty powder bowl, 13s. 6d.

1 A calculating machine for golf scores, designed like a watch, £16 16s. Novelty key-rings designed as charms. A wishing well, 21s.; the frog, 15s. 9d.

2 One of Chanel's loveliest perfumes, Bois des Iles, and a handbag phial, encased in gilt to carry it in. The phial is £1 2s. 6d., the plastic funnel 6d. A handbag clothes brush, lipstick size, encased in gilt, 12s. 6d., for vitamin pills, a pretty mosaic box, 16s. 6d., and finally, a handbag gadget for shopping lists in the Pull-o-pad, 10s. 6d.

3 To settle the menfolk, a Ronson Penciliter, £3 10s.; a torch screwdriver which lights up at the business end for jobs in dark corners, 10s.; or a hammer compactum. Extra tools live inside the handle, £1 1s.

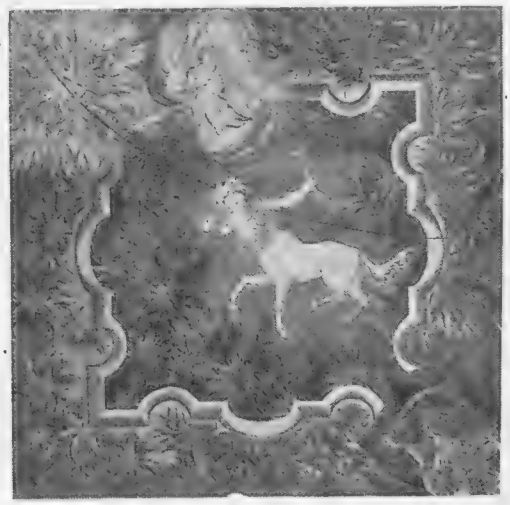
4 The Handilite clips on to the edge of a book, to any shelf, or wherever local lighting is required, 15s. 6d.

5 Plastic telephone cord holder. Anti-kinking, clean, attractively coloured, easily winds on to the telephone cord, the iron flex and lamps around the house. 3s. 8d. for 39 in.

6 A manicure outfit in a hide case lined with black suede and equipped with the luxurious Chen Yu lacquer, Twincote, Remover, Solvent and "tools," 6 gns.

Lower Centre: A Swedish glass fish vase, 47s. Vinolia soap bears in a cardboard cottage, 3s. Chocolate with the pre-war flavour by Suchard, worth searching for. Alice in Wonderland china figures, hand-painted, 25s. to 2½ gns. A pomander pot (centre), diffuses perfume through the room, 15s. Metal mesh plant holders, 8s. 6d. Greetings cards with gay Christmas scenes and Savings stamps inside. A medallion brooch to cover the "little something" on every present list, 5s. For the elderly, a Spec-Cord which attaches glasses to a harness round the neck so that they cannot be lost.

Below: Jacqmar's silk Zodiac scarf, 4½ gns. This one for Sagittarius subjects.



By Barbara Vise

Room for improvement

BEFORE the electric cleaner became a commonplace the accepted method of turning out a room was to put everything outside or huddle the furniture under dust-sheets. Then the floor was swept with vigour, the dust allowed to settle and, after that, everything was dusted and polished.

Now the order is different. Experts of the National Institute of Houseworkers, Ltd., say that when using a vacuum-cleaner and all its appliances to the full, you reverse and work *downwards*—from the ceiling to the floor!

The greatest labour-saving factor, according to the Institute is to have a plan of campaign beforehand. *How* you plan depends on whether you live by the clean sea or among the smuts; on the size of the household; whether there are children or pet animals in the home and of course, the time you have to give to the job. Good methods economize on time, money and labour and upset the routine of the house as little as possible.

Individual plans of work must vary, but there are two main methods of tackling it: Plan either by *jobs* or by *rooms*—one special job to be done throughout the house (window-cleaning, brass-polishing or whatever it is) every work-day, plus the general tidying; or general tidying, plus one *room* to be turned out thoroughly from top to carpet.

As this article is about the room for improvement, here is the Institute's advice on the one-room-at-a-time method.

They emphasize that the next step after plan-making is to gather all the tools for the job in the room to be turned out. Mobilize the vacuum cleaner and all its appliances; prepare a pad of clean newspaper squeezed out in cold water; collect clean dusters and polishes together in a box. Don't forget a pail, or a basin, of warm lathery water.

IF there is an open fire clear that up first. Then, working with the dusting appliance on the cleaner, begin from the ceiling and work down to the floor, taking in picture-rails, lamp-shades, electric-light flexes, tops of cupboards, ledges, and door panels; include furniture. Windows, looking-glasses, pictures, should be included in the dust-up.

Surround-brush and carpet-nozzle are fitted when you are ready for the floor.

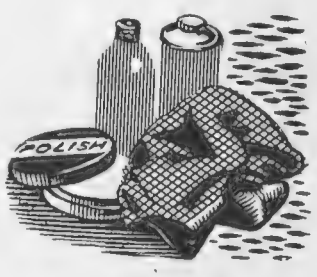
Now the dust is off—it must never be polished *in*—polishing begins. Windows, mirrors and picture-glass clean up well under a damp pad of newspaper.

Use a damp, lathery cloth over paint-work and to take finger-marks off doors; over china ornaments *and* electric-light bulbs—*after* switching off the current. If soap is used rinse with clean water. Give all a final polish with a dry, soft duster.

Reflector plates of electric fires must not be scratched. To keep them bright, *disconnect the fire* and wash over with a damp, lathery rag—then polish off with a dry duster. Be specially careful not to touch the elements. The vacuum cleaner held near, not against, gas-fire elements draws out dust and should be used regularly—always when the fire is turned off.

ABOUT polishing furniture: use a lot of elbow-grease and not a lot of polish. If there are any white heat-marks take a damp rag over them first, then dry and rub on a little metal polish in a circular movement. Polish in the usual way.

Soapless detergents make an excellent lather for day-to-day shampooing of carpets. If stains are treated soon after they are made removal is always easier. Cleaning off a stain at night with a detergent solution gives the carpet time to dry off before it is walked over again.



Gems & fables

GEMS of the semi-precious variety have such exotic colouring and lend themselves to such beautiful settings that it is hard to understand why they are so much neglected as ornaments to-day. It is true that Victorian jewellery (in which they were most lavishly used) recently enjoyed a come-back, but the sad fact is that this only occurred when precious stones became almost unobtainable and prohibitive in price during the war.

The beauty and interest of semi-precious stones was fully exploited by the craftsmen of the Victorian era, who used them lavishly and set them in a manner worthy of their attraction. Not the least fascinating thing about them is the mystery and symbolism which time has woven about these gems. Thousands of years of magic and mystery lie behind them, though the fashion of wearing birth stones did not apparently begin until the eighteenth century. Until then they were worn for their talismanic or therapeutic virtues.

The opal, with all its glorious variations, is the gem of hope and should be worn by the October-born. It has been called unlucky, but nobody knows why. On the other hand, the late Lord Redesdale tells in his memoirs of a black opal which brought him luck throughout his life. Perhaps the reason that it may retract or blow out of its setting is the explanation of the bad-luck legend.

Amethyst was the stone for doctors in the Middle Ages and has also been used for rosaries and episcopal rings. It was supposed that a warmed amythyst wrapped in thin silk and bound round the head was good for nervous headache. It is the February stone.

The coral, " nymph of the sea," was thought to be twigs and shrubs growing on the seashore which had been stained by the blood of Medusa. It shared with the chrysolite magic power to banish demons and nightmare. Chrysolite is the September stone.

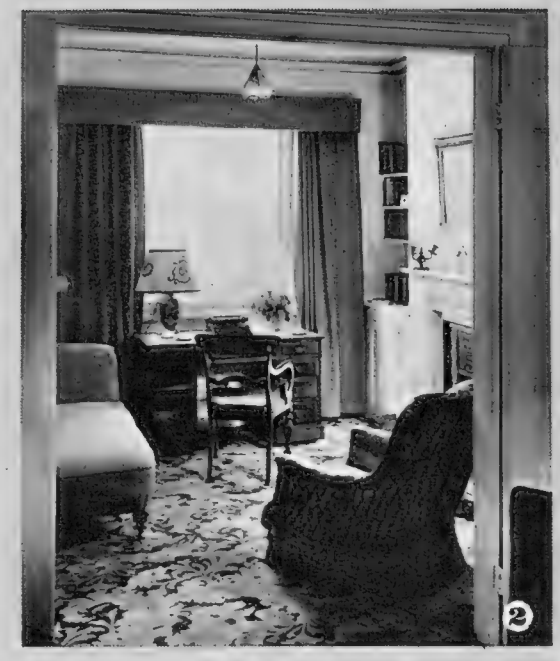
The turquoise, said to bring good fortune to people born in June, got its name from Turkey and was the horseman's talisman. " A compassionate turquoise that doth tell by looking pale, the wearer is not well."

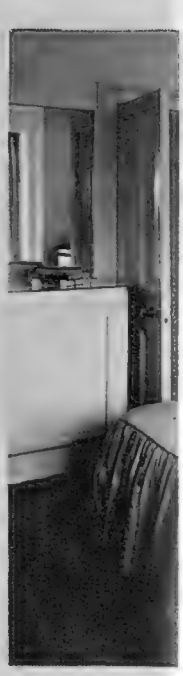
Carnelians, supposed by the Egyptians to ensure the soul's journey from the underworld, is for August. " The August-born without this stone 'tis said must live, unloved, alone."

The September chrysolite, a word derived from the Greek, meaning " golden stone," is actually greenish-yellow and changes its name to Peridot when it is deep bright green and to Olivine when it is olive in colour. October's aquamarine " renders the bearer cheerful and preserves married love." According to the ancients, November's topaz increased the beneficent influence to the wearer as the moon waxed, and decreased as it waned.

Our sentimental forbears loved these legends. For ourselves, we can accept them too, or let the colour and light of these lovely stones give their own message and pleasure to the world.

Jewellery by Cameo Corner.





Scheming Costs

Complete refurnishing is out of the question for most of us to-day; but with carpets and curtain fabrics now a good deal less expensive than they were earlier in the year, much can be done to "dress up" a room without heavy expenditure. The pictures on these pages have all been chosen because they illustrate ideas which can be carried out to give new charm and character to a room, both by the clever use of colour and by building up emphasis on one particular aspect of a room. Cost will, of course, vary in each individual case, but the figures given will provide a practical basis for calculation.

THE sitting-room (1) is a charming room, which achieves good effect with simple furnishings and by the clever use of matching material for curtains and chair-covers. Choose a bold colour contrast which catches the eye; a cretonne with a light design on a chocolate background would look well with plain walls and a plain beige fitted carpet, or one in the new shade of mushroom pink.

For an average-sized room—about 10 ft. by 12 ft.—you should now be able to buy a good medium-quality fitted Wilton for around £49. And there are, of course, considerably cheaper cotton carpets and mock "Indian" rugs and carpets, now on the market—though these lack the exceptional wearing qualities of Wilton and Axminster.

There is a wide range of chintzes, cretonnes and other types of furnishing fabrics in the shops at present; if you choose a cretonne, you should probably find one to suit your taste round about 13s. 11d. a yard. Ten-and-a-half yards of 31-in. material

should be allowed for a window of this size, including pelmet, and 6¼ yds. for each loose cover. A good furnishing company will re-upholster armchairs of this type in your own material from round about £3 10s., according to the size and type of chair.

PERHAPS you have a smaller room in mind? The little study (2) relies on fresh, painted walls and a more formal type of curtain in furnishing tweed with a tailored pelmet. Rust red for curtains, with deep ivory paint, and a patterned carpet with a green background would be an excellent colour scheme.

Tweed of this kind can be bought for 21s. a yard; for a window of the kind in the picture, allow about six yards of material for curtains and pelmet. A square-patterned Axminster carpet to fit a room 9 ft. by 10 ft. 6 ins. can now be bought for just over £30. Carpet sold by the yard would probably work out at round about £40 to £45 when made up.

ATTENTION in the bedroom (3) centres round the elegant bed with its padded head-board. The luxurious bedspread is of peach silk, striped in deep blue to tone with a fitted carpet in deep sapphire. Walls are in plain pastel blue, but a decorative wallpaper has been brought into use to form an effective setting for the bed. Sanderson's have a really lovely wallpaper with a soft blue flock stripe upon a moiré background which can be bought for 32s. a piece; while there is a less expensive type for 14s. In each case, two pieces would be needed for a bed-head panel.

A bedspread similar to the one shown would take about 10½ yards of 48-in. material, and an additional 2 to 2½ yards should be allowed for the upholstered head-board. A well-known London furnishing firm will make a deep-buttoned head-board of this type, for a double bed, from customer's own material, for £12.

FLOWER-PRINTED cretonne curtains combine happily with pastel carpet and bedcover in the attractive bedroom (4). A charming flower design on a pale-green background is available in a "Rosebank" printed cretonne at 14s. 11d. a yard; 10½ yards of material would make curtains and pelmet for one window of such a size as this.

Satin brocade in a quilted pattern was chosen for the bedspread; one of this type, without a frill, can be made from 5½ yards of material. You can, if you prefer a quilted coverlet, buy your material and have it quilted at a reasonable price. A fitted quilted bedcover in satin brocade would cost about £27. It would be delightful in a soft violet shade, with a fitted carpet in pale green to pick up the background tone of the curtains.

WINDOW furnishings can sometimes be made the chief interest of a simply-furnished room. Treatment of this kind has been carried out satisfactorily in the bedroom shown (5). Simple frilled net curtains, matching the trimming on the dressing-table, offset the rich gleam of the satin curtains, with their unusual draped pelmet. There are a number of good-quality furnishing satins now in the shops at round about 19s. 6d. a yard. A window of this type would take about 6 yards, and 6 yards of muslin, plus 4½ yards for the dressing-table.

Cost of a draped pelmet is bound to vary, as it depends upon the type of fixtures used, but roughly speaking it should be possible to get one made up somewhere in the region of £7 10s.

WHERE space is limited, room (6) plays the dual rôle of sitting-room by day and bedroom by night with equal success. Crisp, striped wallpaper can be had in a variety of colours, and in a wide range of prices from as little as 5s. a piece (an average-size room takes about six pieces).

The essential for a much-lived-in room is to choose good colours of which one does not easily tire. A fitted moss-green carpet, green striped wallpaper and divan-covers in honey-beige linen or plain rep piped in green would be delightful. Alternatively, a rust carpet, Cambridge blue and white striped wallpaper, natural linen divan-covers and accents of terra-cotta and turquoise blue would make a charming colour scheme. Allowing 4½ yards of material for each divan—you should be able to find quite a good material for 16s. 11d. a yard—divan-covers could be made at home for under £7 10s. Curtains and pelmet would take about 7 yards of material—in a floral-printed cretonne they would cost less than £5.

MARGARET STEVENSON.

Project

THE project, a term which is cropping up more and more, is an expression used to describe something which probably began with the Victorians, who thought it a good thing to give young people a "holiday task." How the idea got to America we may never know, but it is there that the "task" has been given its new name and where the "project" has become almost a national occupation.

A project is not to be confused with a hobby or a pastime. It is distinguished from these by the fact that it has a time limit and aims happily at achieving something tangible which will add to experience and knowledge, and in some cases to the pocket. In either case, it aims to ensure that leisure hours are spent constructively instead of being frittered away.

This, then, is the purpose of the Winter Project. However pleasantly one may spend the long evenings in reading, snoozing, glancing through the papers, listening to snatches of radio, we have to face it that they achieve very little. Everybody needs a share of idling, but leisure may be just as much fun when it is organised.

Naturally enough, personal projects must evolve from one's own taste and circumstances, but to set you thinking on a project theme, here are some suggestions to fit the individual or to be arranged as team work.

Family projects have the advantage of all pleasant activities shared. There are many things that a team of people can do which could not be done alone. Tracing a family tree is an amusing and

for the Winter

Something to do that has an interest and an end, a task that challenges the skill, stimulates ideas and passes hours of leisure constructively—is the aim of a winter project.

very instructive project if you happen to be interested in your antecedents. Hunting up marriage and birth certificates, unearthing deeds and documents, writing to Town Clerks for records and making week-end jaunts to the district of origin to trace the evidence, is an occupation which develops fascinating hazards and discloses the most intriguing of narratives, the true one.

Alternatively, a home-made biography of one of the more interesting, successful or colourful past members of a family is interesting to follow through. Just as we all love family histories if the family is our own, our children's children will appreciate a written document on an ancestor, who in their day will be harder still to trace.

Hunting up data concerning the life and activities of such a person leads into fascinating by-paths as you become involved in the place and period in which the character is set. You may, for instance, happen upon the information that Great Uncle Henry was fond of staying at the Old George, and further investigation produces an old menu, with the kind of meal he ate and what it cost. What he wore for the occasion opens up a study of the clothes of the period; how he amused himself and what he read could occupy you in research for months.

A PROJECT with such wide ramifications is not for everyone, but I cite it merely to show that a project can be an ambitious undertaking or a very limited and quite practical one, like, for instance, making a family scrapbook-screen with cut-outs.

Each member of the family can contribute to this giant scrapbook devoted to the family activities. Imagine that one partition of the screen is devoted to the children, starting with baby snapshots, school reports, party invitations, school play programmes, cricket and football team groups. The next partition traces mother's and father's romance from the snaps when they first met, silver favours from the wedding cake, honeymoon pictures, father receiving the golf challenge cup, the doctor's bill when mother had to have her appendix out, Christmas cards, regimental souvenirs and hotel labels from holidays abroad.

THE third partition is a sort of composite affair appertaining to the home. Samples of the wall-paper used in the sitting-room when the family first came to the house; snapshots of neighbours, of cars, boats, pet animals, the family Christmas cards for each year. Anything, in fact, which bears upon the family fortunes.

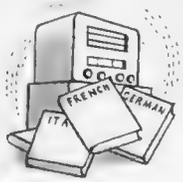
A famous family spent enthralling hours making a doll's-house from an exact blueprint of their own home. They reproduced the furniture, the fitments, the garden and even china and ornaments to scale, and this turned out to be quite a treasure, greatly cherished by the youngest members, well worth the patience involved.

A couple hoping to holiday in Italy next summer have decided on a project in which they will not only map out their trip, mile for mile, with overnight hotels arranged for, but they will also take home-study courses in Italian, read Italian history, brush up on places they will see, and generally set off on their trip quite prepared in advance both mentally and physically.

A BACHELOR who is heart and soul in his work has found an amusing way of channelling his enthusiasm for "shop" into his leisure hours. He plans how he would reorganise the business, getting out a comprehensive report incorporating suggestions for reorganisation in policy and management. He finds this not only a lot of fun, but it has at least two other important angles. First, it lets off steam and lessens his irritation at what he judges to be the unprogressiveness of his superior, and, secondly, it shows up the real merits of his own theories. At the same time, it cannot fail to prove valuable in his daily job.

Some women plan a scheme of house decoration, from kitchen to loft: how they would paint and paper, build cupboards, make lampshades. It cost little to plan. One of the best ideas is to compile a cooking-book consisting of all the recipes really tried out and proved satisfactory. In some cases the cookery-book may have a theme—emergency meals, children's breakfasts. meals you found for a member of the family dieting for this or that.

Almost every project opens out interesting byways and discovers unsuspected talents. New interests mean that winter evenings of leisure need not end in snoozes for the oldsters and boredom for the young.



Practical Presents

MANY people these days appreciate "something useful" more than a purely luxury gift, especially when the present combines practical appeal with luxury quality. Here is a selection of gifts that practical people will be delighted to find in their stockings.

FOR the wine-conscious householder who is starting a " cellar," a wine-bottle rack solves the storage problem. A twenty-bottle rack is 15s. from Druce's of Baker Street. Booth's Gin, Martini and Jamaica Rum provide the basis for cocktails, with novelty pourers from Marshall and Snelgrove of London to add to the gaiety.

A G.E.C. automatic toaster, which ensures that the toast will not burn, is a luxury any household may be proud to possess, £5. A chromium expandable toast-rack, 25s., from Druce's of Baker Street, packs flat when not in use.

A Kenwood Food Mixer, complete with its battery of attachments, is the dream gift of all ambitious cooks. £36 19s. 6d. from Selfridges.

A clock in the kitchen is essential, but this elegant " Durban " cream wall clock by Smith's Electric Clocks comes in the luxury class, £3 15s. Space-saving arrives in the form of the " Whirlaway " rotating storage unit, 19s. 9d., from Druce's of Baker Street.

A really good mincer will always be an acceptable and practical present. The Hawkins mincer, £1 13s. 11d., has no clamps to spoil the table-top.

An Anglepoise Lamp, £5 15s., is the perfect gift for the artist, architect or anyone who works long hours at drawing-board or desk and appreciates a good light at finger-tip control.

Horrockses present in festive pack pale blue sheets and pillow-case sets, 17 gns., towel sets £2 2s. or £2 5s. from Harvey Nichols.

This Skyline luggage will reflect credit on both giver and receiver. The smartly designed square hat box is £2 4s. 6d., the overnight brief bag £2 9s. 11d.

Earle plated porcelain is ideal for particular people who prefer the better brewing qualities of china and yet appreciate the appearance of silver. Made on a new principle of plating porcelain with silver, it combines the best of both materials, comely to look at and practically unbreakable. The coffee pot is £7 6s. 8d., the sugar bowl £2 12s. 3d., the milk jug £2 5s. 10d., from Harrods.

IN ICE BLUE

BACK

With No. 13 needles, cast on 116 sts. Work in k. 1, p. 1 rib for 3½ ins. Change to No. 12 needles and st. st. Inc. at both ends of 1st and every 10th row following, 4 times (126 sts.); every 8th row, 3 times (132 sts.); every 4th row, 3 times (138 sts.); cast on 3 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows (168 sts.); continue in st. st., inc. at both ends of every 10th row 3 times (174 sts.); work until sleeve edge measures 7 ins.

Next row.—(Right side facing.) K. to last 12 sts., wool forward, slip st. from left-hand needle to right-hand one, wool back, turn; put slipped st. back on right-hand needle, p. to last 12 sts., wool back, slip st. from left-hand needle to right-hand one, wool forward, turn; put slipped st. back on right-hand needle, k. to last 24 sts., turn (with slipped st. as before); p. to last 24 sts., turn; k. to last 36 sts., turn; p. to last 36 sts., turn; k. to end of row. Cast off.

FRONT

Work rib as for back. Change to No. 12 needles. Work 4 rows st. st.

5th row.—K. 40, m. 1 (make a st. by lifting loop between sts. of previous row and k. into back of st.), k. 36, m. 1, k. 40. Work 3 rows st. st.

9th row.—K. 40, m. 1, k. 38, m. 1, k. 40. Continue in st. st., inc. 2 sts. on every 4th row, as before, until there are 130 sts. Work 5 rows after last inc. row.

35th row.—Inc. in first st., k. 39, m. 1, k. 50, m. 1, k. 39, inc. in last st. Work 5 rows st. st.

41st row.—K. 41, m. 1, k. 52, m. 1, k. 41. Continue in st. st., inc. both ends of 47th, 55th, 61st, 67th, 73rd, 79th and 85th rows (150 sts.).

87th row.—K. to last 6 sts., turn (as worked on back); p. to last 6 sts., turn; k. to last 16 sts., turn; p. to last 16 sts., turn; k. to last 26 sts., turn; p. to last 26 sts., turn; k. to end. P. one row. Cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next 10 rows (170 sts.). Work until sleeve edge measures ½ in. more than back, then finish off in the same way as back.

Materials required for this jumper are 6 ozs. Templeton's "Ayrbeam" Super Scotch Fingering 3-ply, size 13 and 12 knitting needles, a fine crochet hook and 4 buttons. The knitting is worked at a tension of 8 sts. and 12 rows to 1 in. The jumper fits size 36 ins. bust, the length being 20 ins.

TO MAKE UP

Press, except ribbing, under a wet cloth, with a hot iron. Join side seams. Right side of work facing, join wool at under-arm seam and work the following picot edging along sleeve edge, across back, and round sleeve edge to front: 1 d.c. in st. (5 ch., 1 d.c. in 4th ch. (to make picot), 1 ch., miss 4 sts., 1 d.c. in next), rep. (put extra picot at corners). When front is reached, after working extra picot, work 2 ch., 1 d.c. in top of picot on back (thus joining front to back), 2 ch., 1 d.c. (*Continued on page* 68)

Ten odd balls of three-ply wool, about ½ oz. in each, are required for this workbag, including black for the intermittent stripes.

MADE FROM LEFT-OVERS

Material for lining should be approximately 22 ins. square, and the wooden handles approximately 11 ins. The knitting is worked on size 10 needles, at a tension of 7½ sts. and 10 rows to 1 in. Before making up, the knitted fabric should measure 25 ins. by 22 ins., the completed bag 11½ ins. by 21½ ins.

The bag is worked in one piece which, on completion, is folded so that the cast-on and cast-off edges form the two side seams.

Using No. 10 needles and the first colour, cast on 188 sts. Work 10 rows of st. st. Break off. Join on black and work 2 rows of garter stitch. Break off.

Now using the second colour work 10 rows of st. st. Break off. Join on black and work 2 rows garter st. (*Continued on p.* 70)

Sweater and Skirt

NO feature of the fashion picture has endeared itself to women more than the sweater and skirt. Graduating from the ugly duckling phase it has become the standby of the fashion conscious. Its very simplicity commends it to women of taste, since the perfect fashioning of modern knitwear adds the flattery of good styling to the comfort of wool.

The best of British knitwear still goes abroad, but the eagerness with which we snap up the supplies which do reach our own shops is comment enough upon its merit.

The twin set and matching skirt, first introduced a few seasons back, has given the woolly another leg up in the fashion world. The classic Braemar twin sets pictured above have, in the one case, a knitted skirt, cleverly ribbed to simulate pleats and, in the other, a soft wool fabric, stem straight with fan pleating in front. Both are exactly dyed to match the jersey and cardigan.

Apart from matched ensembles the odd skirt is indispensable to team with jackets, sweaters and tailored wool blouses. The Gor-Ray range includes this attractive wool check with chocolate and Wedgwood blue checks on a biscuit ground, colours to harmonize with a wardrobe of pretty sweaters. Price about 51/5.

Facts About Slimming

IT has long since been obvious that slimming is not a simple process of cutting down on food and stepping up on exercise. A diet which keeps one woman slim as a wand, will play havoc with another's silhouette. Furthermore, it is not always the most active who are the slimmest. The causes of weight fluctuations between one individual and another have been the subject of biological research recently. The results have not, as yet, produced a safe short cut to slimming, but the investigations have produced a mass of fascinating data and cleared up many widely held, but erroneous ideas on the subject.

Exercise has, of course, a direct influence on weight, but it is not as spectacular as the devotees of the daily dozen might hope. It is a depressing fact that to work off 1 lb. of surplus fat, you have the alternative of sprinting 7½ miles, running 43 or walking 66½. A five-mile walk will certainly reduce your weight, but drink a pint of beer at the end of it and the weight will be back where it started. A cup of tea and two slices of bread and butter will do the same.

As for brain work, it has almost no effect on weight at all. An hour's hard mental concentration uses up 7.8 calories, equivalent to one-tenth of a slice of bread and butter, so even the most strenuous day at the office does not justify a good dinner in the evening, from the biochemical point of view!

ANY unaccountable variation in weight has in the past been put down to "glands," but it is still a mystery as to which gland is responsible. The thyroid, the pancreas, the adrenals and the pituitary have all been considered as the active weight-regulating factor, and each has been rejected. The latest bet is the hypothalamus, a tiny structure in the brain which seems to act as a weight-regulating mechanism which controls the breakdown and storage of fat. A different "gearing" of the mechanism would account for difference in weight.

One authority considers it misleading to talk about "fat," as the composition of surplus weight is not fat but water. He maintains that excess weight is due to some disturbance in the water balance of the body which causes the tissues to soak up abnormal amounts of water. His treatment for overweight is therefore to "dehydrate" his patients and to restrict their intake of fluids.

The nature of the fluid, of course, is important. All alcohol is fattening, so whisky, gin and beer should be avoided by anyone trying to slim, and wine drunk only in strict moderation. Hot water has no magical slimming properties as some people think. At best it is harmless, but in cases where the overweight is due to water retention, water, either hot or cold, can be definitely "fattening."

IN spite of all this scientific data, much of which is detailed in Nesta Pain's *Science and Slimming* (Secker & Warburg, 6s. 6d.) there is still no surer way of taking off the odd pounds than to diet. The best that science has done is to pave the way for effective dieting by disposing of a number of food fallacies. Lemons, so we are now told, are not slimming, nor is the principle of eating only carbohydrates at one meal and only proteins at another any more effective. Toast is just as fattening as bread, and Ryvita and such like are not less fattening than bread, unless the weight eaten is less than two-thirds the weight of bread for which it is substituted. Potatoes are less, not more, fattening than bread and there is nothing to choose between a stale loaf and a fresh one from the slimming point of view. So, there you are!

For anyone seriously wishing to slim, the second part of Nesta Pain's book is more practical, if less amusing, than the first. Here are detailed balanced reducing menus which do not menace health, and recipes which are tasty as well as slimming.

Beauty as a Gift

There are few greater luxuries even at Christmastide than a gift of cosmetics, but if they are to be really acceptable, beauty preparations must be chosen with the recipient's personal taste and individual needs in mind

FROM the wide range of beauty preparations available this year, it would be a pity to make a wrong choice in presenting them to friends as Christmas gifts. The personality, the taste and special needs of the recipient are the surest guide to the perfect present.

For the intimate friend, who has confided to you her personal beauty problems, why not the very preparation that she requires? Helena Rubinstein's twin Night and Day Hormone Creams, for instance, would be an inspired gift to the older woman who has confessed her anxiety about "lines." For the friend who has not yet found the perfect shade of face powder, why not a Charles of the Ritz Gift Powder Box which she can take to any blending bar in the country to be filled with powder specially blended for her particular colouring.

To the girl who travels, give Max Factor's Night Facial Stick, a nourishing cream in a specially portable, solid form; to the woman who cannot get to town for a salon treatment, Elizabeth Arden's Velva Cream Masque, which is virtually a salon treatment in itself. All unconventional gifts, perhaps, but how acceptable to the right person!

By all means, let Christmas be the time for the giving and receiving of glamour aids, but remember that glamour loses nothing and gains much from being practical. The sophisticated woman, who has every beauty aid she can wish for on her dressing-table, will be flattered to receive fashion's latest shade of iridescent nail varnish. To the housewife, on the other hand, this might fall a little flat if she has no opportunity to wear it. To her, glamour is better represented by Peggy Sage's Hand Lotion or Hand Mask Cream, to glamorize tired hands. The busy woman would appreciate the thought that dispatched Oil Dry with a Peggy Sage Nail Varnish, to speed up drying and cut down on manicure time.

BATH luxuries are always safe gifts when in doubt. Ebe Bath Powders which scent, colour and soften the bath water are a luxury to touch every woman's heart. Cusson's bath preparations are of the highest quality and far from expensive, and a selection from their lovely Apple Blossom range—soap, talc, bath salts and toilet water—must delight fastidious tastes. Luxury soaps, Personality is a very special one, or Lentheric's Tweed soap in miniature "guest" size tablets, fill the breach when it comes to the "token gifts" which we all have on our lists.

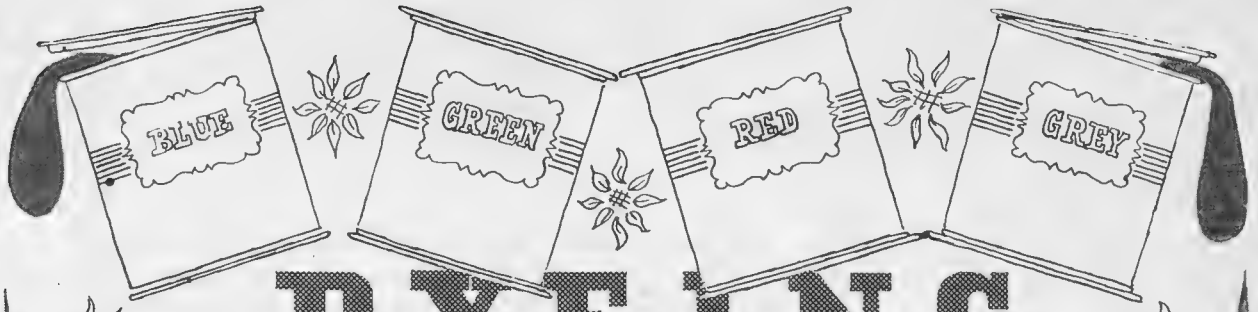
There is a perfume for every taste, if you know where to find it. Yardley's "Flair" is for the fashion-conscious woman who likes the latest in everything. It is a lovely new perfume, and the trefoil bottle is a shapely adornment to any dressing-table.

Give a generous flagon of 4711 Eau de Cologne to the busy housewife who has more use for a toilet water than an exotic perfume. Suggest to her, if she doesn't know already, that sprayed lavishly on to the skin or used as an after-bath body friction at the end of a long day, it can be deliciously refreshing and invigorating.

Choose Lentheric's Tweed perfume for the country woman, who will bless you for introducing to her a perfume which, subtle without being exotic, is the one sophisticated perfume that she can happily wear.

Of all the lovely perfumes which will delight the heart of the smart woman, Lancôme's "Magie" is one of the most haunting. In its satin lined, spangled box it makes the most glamorous of gifts. Less expensive, but still with the authentic French magic, is Bourjois' Mais Oui.

The season of parties and dressing-up brings special beauty problems in its train. There are defects to camouflage, good features to underwrite for the special occasions. If you would like advice on your evening make-up, or help with any special beauty problems, please write to Chrysis, "Britannia and Eve," Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2



DYEING developments

EVERY so often any of us are likely to be attacked by the urge to dye. It is a fever embracing everything in the house, from the beige rug in the hall, which suddenly appears insipid, to the new purple cami-knicks which were so fetching in the shop but now seem impossible.

Until lately, the dyeing process involved a certain amount of risk. Garments came back from the dyers strangely unattractive. The reason in most cases was that the combination of various fabrics in the garment didn't take the colour evenly. A glossy surfaced silk collar and cuffs show a different nuance of green from the dull wool texture of the dress itself. Some dyers make no secret of the fact that they used to take a garment to pieces, dye the various parts separately; but the new-type chemicals have finished with all that. Modern dyeing, with its "selective" processes, looks after that problem. Experts decide which type of dye is best for a particular textile.

THE expert knows that acid dyes used on wool and silk will leave the cotton portions unaffected. Sometimes a fabric contains mixtures of cotton and silk which makes it all the more complicated, and in these cases two or more types of dyes have to be blended. This is what you pay for in high-class professional dyeing. Such refinements of technique cannot be expected in home-dyeing when the packaged product must be of the simplest variety, requiring no special technique or machinery.

The main difference between home-dyeing and professional work is the all-important factor of temperature. In the case of woollen materials, for instance, great care must be taken not to damage the fabric. It is gently simmered in a high-temperature dye-bath and shrinkage is practically out of the question. However, when woollen garments have been previously washed at home, especially when strong soap has been used, they are much more likely to shrink if dyed. Fluffy woollen garments are also very difficult to dye without shrinking and certain types of nylon are not too successful. It is best to ask when buying material if it will dye, the answer will almost always be in the affirmative, but there are occasional exceptions.

A very difficult colour to take a dye, for instance, is a light blue or grey. These fade very easily and the lighter patches between the shoulders where the sun catches the most colour, can never be properly hidden. It is best to have the whole garment dyed black as black hides streaks and faded spots better than any dark colour such as navy or brown.

Off-white coats or white flannel trousers are especially tricky, say the experts. The faded patches are not visible to the naked eye, but when put into the dye-bath, the parts which have been most exposed to the sun dye darker than the rest.

One of the dyers' biggest problems is to persuade people to have things dyed before they get too badly worn. It's hopeless, they say, to expect a threadbare garment to take a dye properly. There must be a certain amount of substance left in the material and merely changing the colour won't transform a threadbare cloth to new.

Home-dyeing has become increasingly popular as costs of new stock rise.

One of the big advances in home-dyeing is the new type of colour-remover which completely decolorizes an article so that you can start off right from scratch to dye it any shade you choose. For example, it would have been impossible a few years ago to dye a red blouse green, but to-day you buy a packet of colour remover for sixpence and follow the easy directions. It's also simple to make your own colours. To get the new cinnamon shade, for example, mix orange and red.

Some dyes claim to be especially safe for dyeing nylon, and many women think it's a good idea to dye odd stockings a darker shade to make into pairs when one wears out.

Although most of us dye our undies at home, it's worth giving out to the professional to get a really fast dye. Then, if treated with "selective" dyes, they may be washed and washed and still retain the colour. Plain coloured carpets in light tones always dye beautifully, heavily patterned ones such as Turkish or Axminster not so successfully.

A little careful experiment makes home-dyeing fascinating and successful within its limitations. Gloves and bags may be dyed to match (there are good leather dyes now). Such delicate materials as tulle or net are not very suitable for dyeing if you want to change your party colour, but almost any other evening dress can go to the ball transformed, with accessories in keeping.

In The Beginning

From the Sanscrit of ancient India comes this lovely legend of the creation of Man and Woman, rich in imagery, warm with human understanding and agreeably lacking the harsh penalties of Eden.

The God Brahma created the World. Out of the elements he made the sun, the moon, the stars, the mountains and forests and finally man himself.

But when Brahma came to fashion Woman he found that he had exhausted all the solid elements in the creation of Man.

So Brahma took the curves of the creepers, the roundness of the moon, the trembling of the grass, the clinging of the tendrils, the velvet of the flower, the slenderness of the reed, the lightness of the feather, the brightness of the sun's rays, the tears of the mist, the inconsistency of the wind, the timidity of the hare, the vanity of the peacock, the softness of down, the hardness of the diamond, the sweetness of honey, the cruelty of the tiger, the warmth of fire, the chill of snow, the chatter of the jay, the poison of the snake; and he combined them in Woman.

Brahma gave Woman to Man; and Man's joy knew no bounds for now he had found someone to share with him the pleasures of the world. But in the course of time Man came to Brahma saying: "Lord, this creature you have given me makes my life miserable. She chatters incessantly, requires continuous attention, cries about nothing and is always idle."

So Brahma took her back.

A few days later the Man was again at Brahma's door. "Lord," he said, "my life is lonely now that the woman has gone. I remember how she danced with me and how she laughed and filled my heart with joy. I remember how she clung to me and how sweet and comforting was her presence when the sun went down and darkness encompassed me."

So Brahma returned the Woman.

A month later the Man again importuned him: "My lord, I cannot understand it, but I am sure the Woman causes me more annoyance than pleasure. I pray you, Lord, relieve me of her again."

"Go your way and do the best you can," answered the god.

"But I cannot live with her," said the Man.

"Neither," said Brahma, "can you live without her."

So the world started with Man and Woman and with them came love and jealousy, happiness, sorrow, romance and hypocrisy.

Company

By Harriet Muir

THE choice of company for the bird is as important as the happy arranging of your guests round the table. Turkey and chicken can stand a richer and moister stuffing than goose and duck which are rich in themselves and have less dry flesh. This difference of type in birds should also be remembered when choosing the first course of the meal. A creamy soup is the best introduction to turkey and game, but for goose a fruit or tomato cocktail, grapefruit or hors d'œuvre are better.

With Turkey

Shrimp cream soup (bisque d'écrevisse); chestnut and date stuffing; cranberry sauce; savoury sausage balls

Shrimp Cream Soup

Boil about ½ pint picked shrimps. Crush half, chop remainder. Prepare a white sauce with 1 oz. of margarine, a tablespoonful of flour, seasoning, ½ pint fish stock and milk. Mix in shrimps; add a squeeze of lemon and a few drops of cochineal. Bring gently to the boil, mix well and add enough milk to make creamy soup. Serve with rolls of thin brown bread and butter.

Chestnut and Date Stuffing

Boil ½ lb. of chestnuts till tender in salted water (about 45 minutes). Remove shells and skin and put through coarse sieve. Chop 2 oz. dates, and mince ½ lb. tart cooking apples and 2 oz. stoned prunes. Melt 1½ oz. margarine and stir in 5 oz. breadcrumbs and all other ingredients. Cool before using.

Cranberry Sauce

Pick over and wash ¾ lb. cranberries. Put in enamel pan with ½ pint water. Bring to boil, and simmer gently till tender. Strain and put through sieve. Return to pan. Stir in ½ lb. sugar till dissolved. Add 1½ tablespoonfuls sherry.

Savoury Sausage Balls

Pound ½ lb. sausage meat in a bowl; add a tablespoonful chopped parsley; a good squeeze of lemon and season. Roll into balls; dip in milk and crumbs. Fry till golden.

Ready Made Fare

WITH so much cooking to do the help of prepared foods at Christmas is welcome in most households. Christmas fare exhausts time and materials, so other meals, snacks for the unexpected guests and even contributions to the festive table can well be ready made. In selecting some makers' names for special mention I do so because they have satisfied me personally and proved my contention that much ready made food is delicious.

Tinned vegetables, soups and fruits are a great help at busy times, more especially if they are not used as they come from the tin but given some additional flavouring, or richness, like adding a lump of butter and a dredging of sugar to tinned peas. Crosse & Blackwell produce some delicious soups, and Chivers can be relied on for their canned vegetables.

Good biscuits are associated with such well-known names as Huntley & Palmer, McVitie & Price, Crawfords, and Jacobs. An absolutely reliable plum pudding, ready made, has the Peek Frean label. No need to think of prepared foods as Second Eleven occupants of the larder. It is all a matter of selection.

for the Bird

With Boiled Chicken

Sausage and mushroom stuffing; Continental sauce; peas a la Francaise.

Sausage and Mushroom Stuffing

Peel and chop 4 oz. mushrooms. Cook gently with 1 teaspoonful grated onion or chopped chive in 1 tablespoonful melted margarine for a few minutes; add ¼ pint milk and cook 3 or 4 minutes more. Pour liquid over 6 oz. breadcrumbs. Pound up ½ lb. sausage meat; add 4 oz. mushroom and onion, parsley and crumbs; season and mix well.

Continental Sauce

Make ½ pint thick white sauce with stock from the bird thickened with 1 oz. flour; add a piece of lemon peel, chickens' liver put through a sieve, a glass of cooking claret and a tablespoonful chopped parsley. Season. Reheat gently and simmer a few minutes. Remove lemon. Add a little milk to make creamy consistency.

Peas a la Francaise

Peel and slice 2 small onions and fry in margarine a few minutes. Wash contents of a tin of peas, add to onion with two or three lumps of sugar and a pinch of powdered, dried mint. Cook a few minutes, shaking pan frequently. Bacon or ham goes well with boiled chicken. Soak ham and boil in vegetable stock with bouquet garni (allowing 25 minutes to the pound). Remove from pan, sprinkle brown crumbs over fat; put in greased fireproof dish in good oven, Regulo 7 or 400° F., for a few minutes.

With Goose

Grapefruit cocktail; apricot and almond stuffing; braised leeks; green salads in grapefruit cases; savoury gravy

Grapefruit Cocktail

Cut grapefruit in half, cut out sections of fruit with saw-edged knife, removing pips and pith. Put in a bowl, sprinkle well with sugar, put in frig. or cold place. Serve in individual glasses. Add a tablespoonful of pineapple juice to each glass. Sprinkle with roasted nuts, chopped small.

Apricot and Almond Stuffing

Chop 4 oz. apricots in small pieces and soak overnight. Drain, add 6 oz. fresh breadcrumbs, pinch salt and pepper, 2 oz. ground almonds, and walnut of margarine, melted. Mix in well beaten egg or milk and stuff neck end.

Braised leeks make a very good accompaniment to goose when the stuffing is a sweet one. The empty grapefruit cases can be filled with little salads of shredded cabbage, peas and grated carrot with mayonnaise. Savoury gravy can be made with the stock in which giblets have cooked. Boil them with an onion and a leaf of sage and mix a small glass of cooking port into the gravy.

With Duck

Celery stuffing; orange fritters or orange salads; sauce bigarade

Celery Stuffing

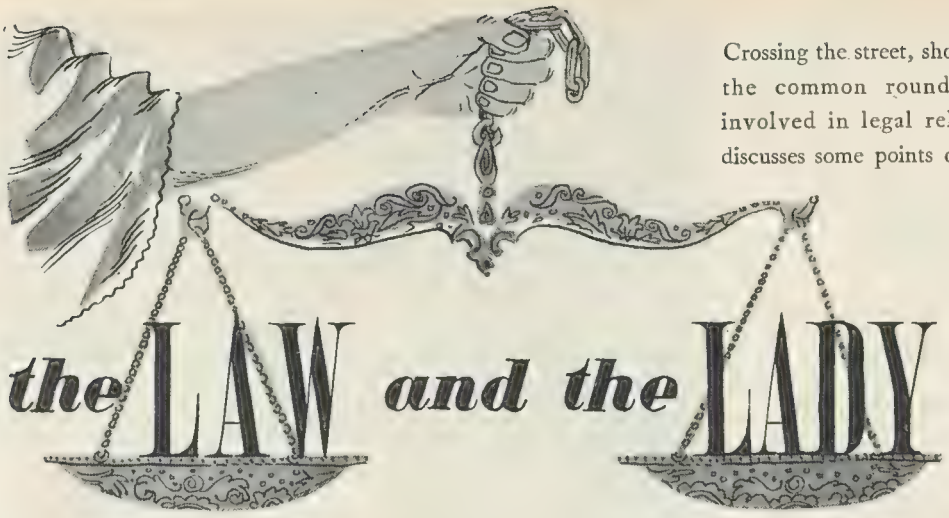
Boil ½ pint chopped celery and 1 onion in enough water to cover, till tender. Mix in 1 oz. margarine, add 1 gill of milk, season, add tablespoonful chopped parsley. Mix in enough crumbs to make a firm stuffing. Beat well.

Orange Fritters

Cut oranges in half, scoop out fruit in 4 portions. Remove pips and pith. Dip pieces of orange in sherry, coat in frying batter and fry till crisp. Serve round duck.

Sauce Bigarade

Take tin in which duck roasted, having poured fat away. Pour in a glass of sherry, a gill of tomato purée and about ¾ pint of stock. Cook for a few minutes, stirring all the time. Just before serving mix in two dessertspoonfuls of quince or red currant jelly.



the LAW and the LADY

Crossing the street, shopping at a store, pursuing the common round, every one of us is involved in legal relationships. A barrister discusses some points of law as they affect You

THOUGH stories of people in conflict with the law never fail to stir our imagination and our interest, few of us ever expect to figure in the courts ourselves. But, in truth, our daily lives are constantly governed by the law, and though she may not be aware of it the daily routine of the average woman cannot fail to involve her in legal relationships of all kinds.

Suppose, for example, you go shopping at the greengrocers. You trip on some vegetable matter left on the floor. You suffer injury from it. Have you a claim for damages if the accident should be serious enough to involve expense and trouble?

Like most cases, it depends on the particular facts, though in a recent case of this sort, the injured party did recover damages in an action for negligence against the shopkeeper. The law says that a shopkeeper, through his assistants, must exercise reasonable care. If some hazard is present of which the customer could not be aware, then the onus is on the shopkeeper to indemnify her. Otherwise he must prove that reasonable care was used. In other words, if negligence on the part of the shopkeeper or his servants (if they are acting in the course of their employment) is proved, the customer is entitled to recover damages. If, however, the injured person is found to have contributed to the negligence, then damages are reduced proportionately.

WITHOUT always realizing it, we are constantly entering into contracts governed by strict rules of law. Some good examples of this lie in the simple daily transactions made over shop counters and where the terms of sale govern the transaction. What, for instance, is the position when you want to change something you have bought?

Once having made the sale, and assuming the article to be the one chosen and of proper quality, there is no legal obligation on the shopkeeper to take it back or exchange it merely because the purchaser changes her mind. I say there is no *legal* obligation, but many reputable stores find it good policy to keep the customer happy and to exchange goods if they are returned promptly and in such a condition as to be saleable again.

ANOTHER instance of a contract between customer and shopkeeper is when clothes go to the cleaners. Naturally, if you take a dress for cleaning you expect it back undamaged. But supposing damage occurs or the article is lost. Generally speaking the liability is on the cleaners to carry out the work without damage and to return it to the owner without loss. Liability can only be avoided if it has been expressly made clear that no liability is *accepted*. As a general rule, laundries and cleaners do seek to limit their liability by conditions in the contract, but the terms and conditions or exceptions must be brought clearly to the notice of the customer, who must have accepted them expressly or by implication, otherwise they are not binding. For all that it is just as well to read the conditions which are generally set out on the back of the receipt form. You will know then where you are!

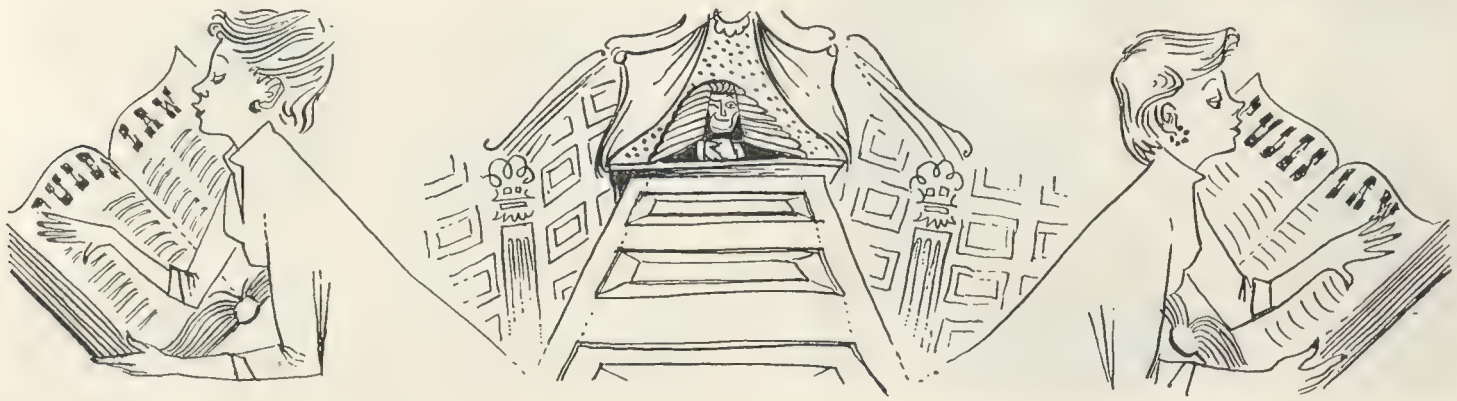
Quite recently a woman took a white wedding dress to be cleaned. She was asked to sign a document which stated that the dress was accepted on condition that the company would not be liable for any damage. Before signing it, she asked the assistant why she had to sign. The assistant said that no liability could be accepted for damage to the beads and sequins on the dress. She signed it. The dress was returned with a stain on it. The cleaners sought to rely on the document, but the court held that the customer had been misled into supposing that liability was only excluded in case of damage to beads and sequins. Damages were awarded.

Or again, it may happen that whilst a customer at a hairdresser is having her hair dyed, some such disease as dermatitis may be caused to the skin of the head. If this occurs, the customer would want to know whether she was entitled to sue for damages. The law rules that whoever markets an article such as hair dye, must take reasonable steps to insure that any user of that product does not suffer injury thereby.

In a recent case the manufacturer had labelled the bottles of hair dye and enclosed a brochure giving a warning that the dye might be injurious to certain skins, and recommending that a test be made before it was used. The hairdresser admitted that he had read the instruction but had ignored it. The injured customer brought an action against both the manufacturer and the hairdresser; she recovered damages against the latter but the court held that the manufacturers had done all that could be expected of them.

MOST people at some time or other have engaged hotel accommodation and for one reason or another been obliged to cancel it. What is the legal position? Must the accommodation be paid for? The answer is that the hotel is legally bound to let the rooms if it is able. If it is successful the original tenant is relieved of obligation. Assuming that all reasonable steps have been taken to re-let without success, liability on the first party remains, but a deduction must be made for meals unconsumed.

Can either the Christian name or surname or both be changed at will? A surname can be changed at any time, but it is desirable, though not essential, in order to avoid complication, to do so by deed poll. The Christian name, given on baptism, cannot, strictly speaking, be changed other than by Confirmation. However, if someone becomes known by reputation, by a name other than his or her baptized name, that name is considered to be valid in the eyes of the law.



Christmas Magic by Elizabeth Arden

✳ **Flower Mist . . .** Blue Grass, Night and Day, Jasmin, June Geranium, 12/6, 19/7 gaily wrapped and ribboned ✳ Blue Grass, Night and Day with atomiser 25/- ✳ **Night and Day Perfume,** glamorous as music and moonlight 6 gns ✳ **Blue Grass Gift Box** with Flower Mist, Dusting Powder and Hand Lotion 37/6 ✳ **My Love Perfume . . .** romance for your love at Christmas, in its plumed bottle and gold lined box 5 gns, 10 gns ✳ **Blue Grass Perfume,** universally beloved 52/6 and 5 gns

✳ **Blue Grass Bath Box** with Dusting Powder, Bath Salts, Bath Soap and Flower Mist 60/- ✳ Sparkling cylinders of **Bath Salts** in Blue Grass, Jasmin, Night and Day, Rose Geranium or Pine, 8/3, 13/9 ✳ **Night and Day Perfume** 42/6 ✳ **Blue Grass Dusting Powder** with Blue Grass Bath Soap, 17/7 Also June Geranium Soap with Rose Geranium Dusting Powder ✳ **My Love Perfume,** 55/- ✳ **Blue Grass Dusting Powder** with Blue Grass Soap 18/6 ✳ **Blue Grass Hand Lotion** 8/4 ✳ **Blue Grass Perfume** with tiny horse in the bottle 42/6 ✳ **Blue Grass duet** of Flower Mist and Dusting Powder 27/6

"THE SKATING PARTY" . . . . *by Lucien Rossi*

Wishing you a Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year

John Player & Sons

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT

REGD No 154,011.

Issued by John Player & Sons, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.

[NCC 768A]

With threats of power cuts and fuel shortages this winter, a certain standard of background heating can be ensured by appliances which do not depend upon those fuels in short supply

Off The Mains

A SPACE-HEATER which is reasonable in price, economical in operation, and which uses paraffin as fuel is a good buy. The "Green Arrow" space-heater (4) runs on the convected-air principle. It is carried out in stove enamel with an antique bronze finish; vents at front and top allow currents of warmed air to circulate through the room. This type of heater burns for twelve hours on one filling, and costs £5 18s.

For nursery or bathroom, you can choose a streamlined towel-rail (2), which helps to take the chill off a room, besides keeping towels warm and dry. It runs on paraffin at an approximate cost of 1d. per hour, and is available in a chromium-plated finish at eleven guineas, or in cream enamel for nine.

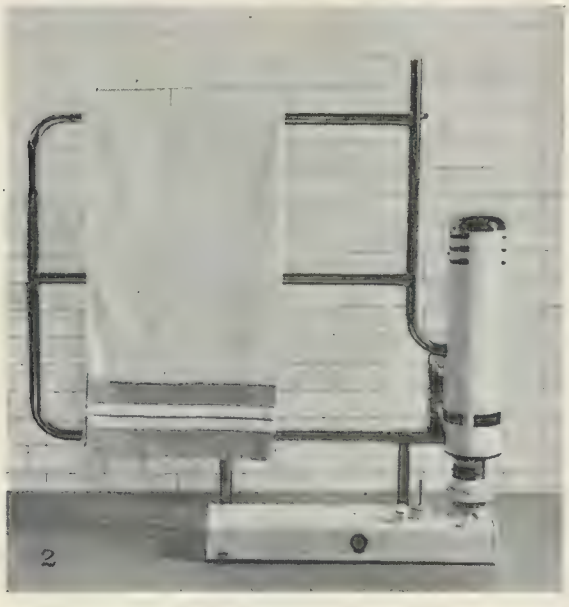
An oil-burning radiator will provide a steady, continuous heat at low cost. The Morris "Central" Oil Radiator (3) is mounted on ball-bearing castors, so that it can easily be moved about the house as required. It will run for eight hours on one pint of paraffin. Price is £14 10s.

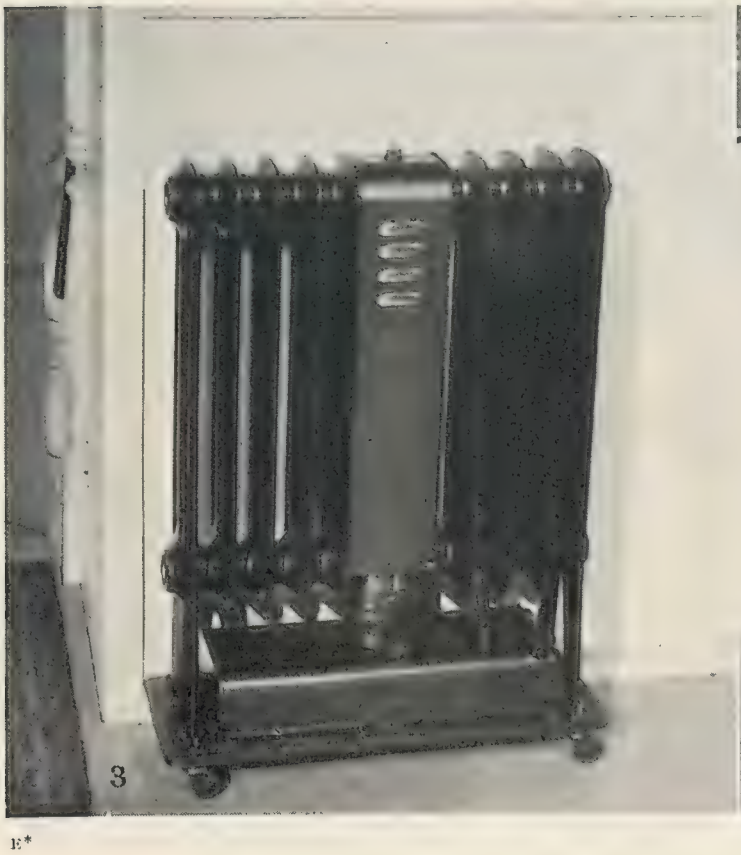
A practical accessory, where heating is required only for short periods at a time, is a Primus stove fitted with a reflector bowl which throws out the heat. These are obtainable at varying prices from 50s. 9d. upwards. If you already have a Primus stove, the reflector bowl can be bought independently for 15s. (but it is as well to remember that they cannot be used in conjunction with the picnic type of Primus, designed for outdoor use).

One of the series of the well-known Hurseal Radiators is oil operated. It is filled with a special oil, hermetically sealed inside the unit transmitting a healthy background warmth. This oil, which is frostproof, acts as a heat-diffusing medium and should not be confused with the oil used in the burner. The fuel oil tank and burner slides out for filling. It holds one gallon and burns for thirty-six consecutive hours. A feature of the radiator is that it retains heat for some time after the burner is extinguished. It has castors and costs £15 10s.

The question of alternative lighting may not seem so urgent, but an oil lamp in the house is an excellent standby, in case of emergency. The incandescent type give the best light. The "Veritas Superspeed" (1) is easily kept in perfect condition. In brass, fitted complete with shade, the price is 74s. 4d.

We can give names of retail suppliers of these apparatus. Send a stamped, addressed envelope to BRITANNIA & EVE, Ingram House, 195 Strand, London, W.C.2.





Have a nicer tea with "Bermaline" Bread and butter

Something from Ciro's

Imagine her delight on Christmas Morning to find among her presents "Something Wonderful from Ciro's" —a lovely Ciro Necklet or a radiant Ciro Jewel. These are Gifts which wise men choose and women long for; and this advertisement is a reminder that many nice things available now will be out of stock before Christmas. On sale only at the Ciro Shops, and by Post. Our Mail Order Catalogue sent Free on receipt of the Coupon printed below.

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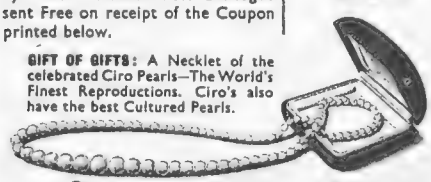
RING TIME



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10/12

Jamaica Journey

(*Continued from page 25*)

overwhelming beauty and wonder. You receive more : you receive a long, strong, cool Rum Collins or Planter's Punch with the compliments of Jamaica ! Yes, that is the very first thing that happens at the airport. Now a world-famed institution, this agreeable form of greeting has been extended to visitors ever since 1940.

YOU will not stay in Kingston, of course. But you will spend a day or two there before moving on to the north coast for swimming maybe in Montego Bay, for polo or spear-fishing at Tower Isle, or a few days at Port Antonio where you will float down the Rio Grande on a bamboo raft, shooting the rapids as you go.

Yes, Jamaica can offer you exquisite and unimaginable delights. Of course, there is sunshine, constant and enveloping. You rise in the morning, knowing it will be a lovely, lovely day with enough sea breeze to temper the heat. And nobody familiar with our daft and exasperating climate will deny that this is important.

Dress? Well, you wear informal beach clothes and sun-suits during the day. At night, dinner dresses are customary, and men wear a white tuxedo, though this is not essential. I used to wear a white Donegal linen jacket which served admirably. If required, one of the many Indian tailors in Kingston will knock up an excellent made-to-measure tropical suit in twenty-four hours. It has no lining and costs only ten or twelve pounds.

THE day after I arrived, I went up into the hills for a week-end at a friend's estate, a place called Newcastle which is 4,000 feet above sea-level. As the sun went down and we sat on the verandah drinking Jamaica Rum cocktails and looking at the twinkling lights of Kingston below, we reached for one garment after another—first a sweater and then a coat—and we slept under heavy blankets.

Surrounded, as she was, by pineapple and banana trees, by sugar-cane, hibiscus, poinsettia and bougainvillea, my hostess (who has lived in England), was chiefly enraptured by a single, lonely daffodil and a couple of familiar-looking anemones. Both these plants are rarities in Jamaica, and she was justly proud of them.

The drive to and from Newcastle was fascinating. Only five miles from Kingston, the journey takes a full hour because it is a matter of manoeuvring slowly up steep gradients and frightening, precipitous bends—round the aptly-named Hold Your Breath corner and past hillside villages whose meanest shack or store proclaims the words "Coca Cola" as yet a further sign of the inevitable dollar penetration.

Sporting the most vivid and arresting colours, native girls passed us on the journey. They think nothing of walking five or ten miles down to the capital to sell grapefruit (at a shilling a dozen !), melons, pineapples and other local fruits. The market over, they will sleep in doorways along a busy street and return the next day to a modest wooden hillside shack where glow-worms in a jar may provide the only illumination. Girls who parade gingerly round with books on their heads at our schools of deportment would be astonished to see these native women ambling along with back erect and both hands free while their turbaned heads support a collection of fruit or maybe a couple of hundred eggs.

BACK from the week-end, I spent some days in Kingston until my friends left the hotel and I decided to sample the heavenly sea and sun of Montego Bay. The distance is over a hundred miles, but it takes only half-an-hour by air, and there is a daily service every morning at seven-thirty.

Alighting at Montego Bay Airport, I could smell the sea, whereas in Kingston the harbour smelt of everything but. I stayed at the Fairfield Hotel, 500 feet above sea-level and situated in the most glorious country between Lord Beaverbrook's house and the late Ivor Novello's. Formerly the home of a wealthy planter, the Fairfield has the quiet, modest appearance of an English country house, though for those who prefer the more elegant and sophisticated type of hotel, there are two magnificent ones down by the famous "Doctor's Cave" beach.

One is Casa Blanca, a bright, modern structure which is accessible to non-residents for open-air dancing at night—and very beautiful it all looks, too. The other is the long, two-storied Sunset Lodge with its attractive terra-cotta exterior. But the English visitor, paying for his board in devalued sterling, will find these places expensive, the rates being six or seven pounds a day. Dollar spenders, of course, enjoy an advantage, but as the official currency is sterling, the British visitor may take as much as he pleases—or can afford.

For five shillings Broadway Bill will take you out to see the tropical fish and coral through his glass-bottomed boat, regaling you with bawdy calypsos during the trip. The sea here is bluer than I have seen it elsewhere—and that includes Bermuda and the South of France.

Any planter in Jamaica will be glad to show you round the rum distilleries and the huge sugar estates. It is an interesting sight.

A visit to Jamaica is something to remember all one's life. It is an expensive luxury, but if you agree with me that money spent on travel is always well spent, I would strongly advice you to put Jamaica high up in your holiday list.

END

Books

(*Continued from page 32*)

bore. Marchette Chute's **"Geoffrey Chaucer of England"** (Hale, 15s.) reminds me of what I have missed, for she dwells lovingly on his writings while describing vividly his life and background. After all, he did live over Aldgate, where the bloody heads hung out, was page to a countess, diplomatic courier, and captured in war by the French—enough in itself to make him a good "story."

FOR a famous coloured star and Catholic convert Ethel Waters has had, I suppose, as strange a life as anyone. She was the illegitimate product of a raping father who held a knife to the throat of a girl of twelve. Part of her childhood was spent in the old "Bloody Eighth Ward" red-light district when prostitution was legal in Philadelphia. She's had many love affairs, though "one man at a time has always been enough for me." It was God's hand, she says, that made her tough, headstrong, resilient, and carried her "safely down the long, dark road I've had to follow since." Tough in its straight-from-life vigour and frankness is her autobiography, **"His Eye is on the Sparrow"** (W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d.), written with Charles Samuels just as she would talk it.

SEEN from diving bell or dinghy with glass float, the deep sea life of the Great Barrier Reef seems to be as wonderful as anything

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the world can show. Jean Devanny probes it, and the aboriginal, outback Gulf country of the mainland, in **"Travels in North Queensland"** (Jarrolds, 16s.), a book which brings hot, sunny days and the iridescent marvels of nature to the cosy Christmas fireside, through graphic pen-picture and photograph.

DOES your novel-reading taste run to orphanages? An imaginary one at Putney—500 children, 45 staff—is portrayed with Dickensian fervour in Norman Collins's **"Children of the Archbishop"** (Collins, 15s.). It is mainly the story of Sweetie (dumped on the doorstep) and Ginger (who at seven climbs into the girls' block and hides in six-year-old Sweetie's bed), the friendship that grows between them, the scandal they cause when they run off together just as they are to be placed in jobs, with masterly, humorous studies of everyone and everything, from Governors and Warden downwards; but heavens! the detail—500 full pages of it. You have to get into running pants for this book marathon—at least, if you're a reviewer. Sound, solid work, Mr. Collins; but may I suggest, as a Christmas present, an everlasting blue pencil?

ELSIE SILVER, woman of destiny, is again the star of Louis Golding's **"The Dangerous Places"** (Hutchinson, 12s. 6d.). She rescues a fifteen-year-old girl, Mila, from the bombed ruins of the Warsaw ghetto, and the story—tense with drama and suspense—is of their flight to Italy, now apart, now reunited, through Slovakia, Hungary, Dalmatia. Thus Elsie expiates her marriage to a Nazi general and provides the reader with more excitement than befalls most heroines. What a film it would make!

GOOD "historicals" which provide escape into a coloured past merit inclusion in any Christmas book list. Norah Lofts' **"The Luteplayer"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.) takes us on the Third Crusade with Blondel the troubadour, companion and solacer of Richard I, worshipper of Richard's lovely wife, Berengaria. The gentle, pathetic, love-lorn minstrel is a touching study against a backcloth crowded with character and incident in Miss Lofts' most vivid style.

ALFRED DUGGAN'S **"The Little Emperors"** (Faber, 15s.) are the upstart rulers, like King Cunedda, who battened on the break-up of the Roman Empire in Britain between A.D. 405 and 412, after Marcus and Gratianus had been murdered and Constantinus had invaded Spain and Gaul with the British garrison. The story of these turbulent times is focused through one Sempronius Felix, an administrator in Londinium, who has to temporize with the changing conditions and ends, a disillusioned exile, at Cunedda's court. Scholarly, historical in the best sense, with acute insight into the social life of the period.

RUSTIC Kensington life round about the time of the 1851 Exhibition is the highly coloured background of George Lancing's **"Kensington Village"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.), the lusty story of a poor maid who loves her rich master's son, pays the price of sin, and launches on a series of adventures—pale pink if not quite Amber—which would not have amused the dear Queen, or would they? I can recommend Emmy, who discovered places not so virtuously shining as the Crystal Palace, notably in the Haymarket.

"THE young man clasped the girl in his arms. . . . He felt her breath against his cheek as she struggled with him. . . . He gradually bent her to the ground and forced his mouth on hers. . . ." The scene to this opening of Julia Mannering's **"The Passionate Poet"** (Museum Press, 9s. 6d.) is the grotto at Newstead Abbey, so you may take it that the novel is about Byron, particularly Byron the great lover, a gift to any novelist. Miss Mannering writes, as the reader will read, with gusto. Well, didn't Caro Lamb call him mad, bad and dangerous? She should know.

TWO Yanks worth noting: Howard W. Troyer's **"The Salt and the Savor"** (Boardman, 10s. 6d.) is about a Huck Finn kind of lad growing up in Indiana of the 1840s and eventually fighting in the Civil War. It is written in broad local idiom, with rare native humour, and I specially liked the part where Lottie scandalizes the saintly Phalanx co-operative community by donning the new Bloomer costume as "a sign of equal rights," bless her.

THOMAS HAL PHILLIPS' **"The Golden Lie"** (W. H. Allen, 10s. 6d.) is a more serious Southern story of the fight between a tolerant father and rigidly intolerant mother for the love and mastery of their son. She has to be told in the end: "It's what you are, Savannah. A golden lie, saying how much you love this and that and the Lord, because you don't love anything. . . . But I found out something: you love God by loving people." A good family study, honestly written.

OTHER books recommended to the attention of readers include:

NOVELS

"The Flower in the Gutter," by Ion Braby (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.). **"The Rough and the Smooth,"** by Robin Maugham (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d.). **"The Form Divine,"** by Hildegarde Dolson (Hammond, Hammond, 10s. 6d.). **"For Amusement Only,"** by Ruth Feiner (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.). **"Cuckoo in the Dell,"** by Noel Langley and Hazel Pynegar (Arthur Barker, 9s. 6d.). **"The Bristol Cousins,"** by D. A. Ponsonby (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.). **"A Rough Shoot,"** by Geoffrey Household (Michael Joseph, 8s. 6d.).

CHILDREN'S

"Operation Catapult," by Gilbert Dalton (Burke, 7s. 6d.). **"Beyond the Timberland Trail,"** by Joseph E. Chipperfield (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.). **"Prince Caspian—The Return to Narnia,"** by C. S. Lewis (Bles, 10s. 6d.). **"The Adventures of Ambrose,"** by Rosemary Anne Sisson (Harrap, 6s.). **"Yours Ever, Sam Pig,"** by Alison Uttley (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.). **"Tomay is Loyal,"** by Margaret Priestley (Faber & Faber, 9s. 6d.). **"How the First Men Lived,"** by Marie Neurath and J. A. Lauwerys (Max Parrish, 6s.). **"The First Great Inventions,"** by Marie Neurath and J. A. Lauwerys (Max Parrish, 6s.). **"The Happy Tree,"** by Helen Haywood (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.). **"Peter and the Wolf,"** by Sergei Prokofiev (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.). **"Millions of Cats,"** by Wanda Gag (Faber & Faber, 4s. 6d.). **"B.B.C. Children's Hour Annual,"** Ed. by Peggy Bacon (Burke, 10s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

"In Town Tonight," by Peter Duncan (Werner Laurie, 10s. 6d.). **"Charles Dickens,"** by Julian Symons (Arthur Barker, 7s. 6d.). **"The Priestley Companion,"** by J. B. Priestley (Penguin, 3s. 6d.). **"Bright Day,"** by J. B. Priestley (Penguin, 2s. 6d.). **"We Shared an Island,"** by Guy Morrison (Phoenix, 10s. 6d.). **"Sweete Themmes,"** by John Irwin and Jocelyn Herbert (Parrish, 17s. 6d.). **"Cooking is Exciting for the Young Cook,"** by Lady Peacock (Faber & Faber, 10s. 6d.). **"Swordfish and Stromboli,"** by Denis Clark (Jarrolds, 15s.). **"I'll Fly No More,"** by Ursula Barnett Potter (George Allen & Unwin, 18s.). **"Wild Wings,"** by Frank Stuart (Victor Gollancz, 14s.). **"Models of Propriety,"** by Sir William Russell Flint (Michael Joseph, 15s.).

END

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Elizabeth's Christmas Revels

(*Continued from page 24*)

through back gate and gardens to apartments in the Water Gallery near the river, away from the royal part of the palace. There she remained for two weeks, closely guarded and in such solitude that she was moved to tell Bishop Gardiner and Lords Arundel and Shaftesbury, when at last Mary sent them to her :

"My Lords, I am glad to see you, for methinks I have been kept a great while from you, desolately alone. Wherefore I would entreat you to be a means to the King's and Queen's Majestys, that I may be delivered from my imprisonment, in which I have been kept a long time, as to you, my Lords, is not unknown."

"Let me request your Grace," the Bishop replied, "to confess your fault and submit yourself to the Queen's mercy, then I doubt not but that you shall presently enjoy an happy issue of your desires."

"No," said Elizabeth, "rather than I will do so I will lie in prison all the days of my life. If ever I have offended her Majesty in thought, word, or deed, then not mercy but the law is that which I desire." She would confess to no fault that had never been intended, for if she did so the King and Queen might justly have an evil opinion of her.

STILL obdurate, and pleading that "the Queen may, if it please her, punish me as she thinketh good," she was summoned to Mary's presence a week later at ten o'clock one night. "Pray for me," she begged her ladies, "for you may not see me again." Conducted through the dark gardens by ushers and grooms carrying torches, she met Mary for the first time after eighteen months' estrangement.

It was a tense, awkward interview with Mary straining to corner the younger sister, Elizabeth still firmly refusing to admit any guilt. Finally Mary said : "Whether innocent or guilty, I forgive you," and left the chamber. It was said that Philip, who was always sneaking furtively about passages, heard every word, hidden behind an arras. A week later Elizabeth was freed.

Mary, owing to Philip's haughty exclusiveness, permitted no extravagant court pageantry and kept a meagre table. But that Christmas, because she expected to bear an heir to the throne, Hampton Court was in festive mood. The great hall glittered with a thousand lamps, Elizabeth supped at the royal table next to the cloth of state, and was afterwards served with a perfumed napkin and a plate of confections by Lord Paget. Before the revels, maskings and disguisings began, however, she retired to her own quarters, possibly with a feeling of relief.

ON St. Stephen's Day she heard matins in the Queen's Closet, clad in a robe of white satin strung with large pearls. On December 29 she sat with Philip and Mary at a "grand jousting" at which two hundred lances were broken, half the combatants being accoutred in the Almaine and half in the Spanish fashion.

A Merry Christmas? Perhaps, in a way; and yet hardly so for the young princess but recently a prisoner and still shadowed by a cloud of suspicion. Was it because of these earlier Hampton Court memories that she resolved as queen, twenty years later, to make her Christmases a riot of magnificence, rousing those staid old walls with revelry and pageantry and the throb of triumphal music, defiant of the dangers that beset her at every turn?

END

A Diamond Ring

(*Continued from page 27*)

THE Comtesse de Champearré had reserved an upper berth for her, and as soon as the porter had left she glanced at the lower berth to see who would be her companion on the journey. A collection of expensive looking travelling cases and hat boxes increased her curiosity and, with some trepidation, she peered at a travelling label.

To her amazement the pink label carried her own name and address. She looked at another. It too was similarly marked. She soon discovered that every bit of luggage in the compartment, with the exception of two very old leather cases, was marked with her name and address.

She looked again at the suitcases. There could be no doubt about it : the cases were marked not only with her Christian name and surname, but carried her home address in full : 5 St. Edmund's Lane, Orme Court, Hastings, Sussex. She picked up a case. It was heavy. She tried to open it, but it was locked.

ALL through dinner she looked around her in the hope of seeing her strange travelling companion, but although she felt that she was being continually watched she could not decide which of her fellow diners appeared more mysterious than the others.

To her over-excited imagination the whole restaurant car seemed to be full of secret agents, smugglers, political refugees and crooks. Even the fat waiter, who leant over her and served her with baked beans, gave her a deeply upsetting look, as if trying to convey to her a secret and urgent message.

Miss Smith had never felt so thrilled in her life and, out of sheer *joie de vivre*, drank half a bottle of red wine with her dinner and two glasses of brandy with her coffee.

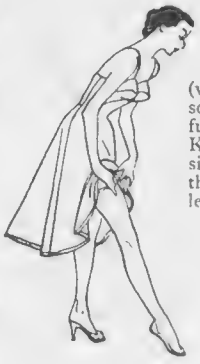
She was feeling tired and a little hazy when she returned to her wagon-lit. There was still no sign of her travelling companion; and presently Miss Smith climbed up into the upper berth and went to sleep.

She awoke suddenly feeling stifled. (*Continued on page 62*)

Say "HAPPY, HAPPY, CHRISTMAS!"

...with these "JUST WHAT I WANTED!" Gifts

WHAT would she *like best* for Christmas? And here—straight away—are seven answers to your present problems—all from the collection of lovely tailored lingerie and stockings by Kayser Bondor. Here are gifts that say "Happy Christmas" in the nicest possible way, heavenly gifts at down-to-earth prices, gifts that get a real vote of thanks. This is what I'm giving:—



For my sister Rosalie

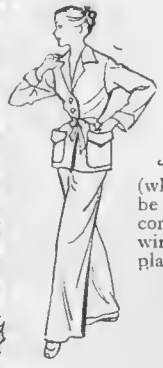
(who's always borrowing mine!) some breath-takingly sheer, full-fashioned stockings by Kayser Bondor. Nylon, pure silk, lisle or rayon. Did you know they make them in three leg-lengths to each size?

For my Aunt May

Some undies that she will always treasure. An exquisite matching slip and pantee set in Nylon Tricot, delicately trimmed with lace.

For my cousin Primula

The most adorable nighties in sheerest nylon chiffon, or warm and cosy wool. Also in rayon or cambrics, both plain and printed.



For my Mother

(who enjoys breakfast in bed). She'll be so pleased with these smart, comfortable pyjamas. For warm or wintry nights—printed, striped or plain fabrics—in wool, rayon or poplin.

For my best friend Veronica

(she's an artist). She'll love this smart-as-paint Kayser Bondor housecoat. In floral cotton or wool, with useful man-sized pockets.

For my Mother-in-law

A tailored slip. That's what women of all ages appreciate. In crepe and satin; lace-trimmed or plain.

And-that's a Wonderful idea!-what about a Christmas present for Me!

Can't think of anything nicer than a brassiere by Kayser Bondor—they've some lovely styles in A, B & C cup fittings.

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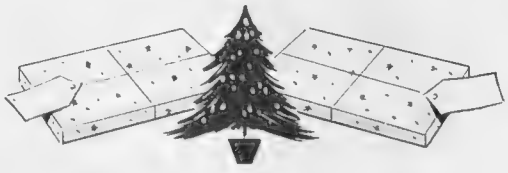

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A Diamond Ring

She sat up. It was dark. The train was rattling and roaring through the countryside. It was so hot in the upper berth that she could hardly breathe. She tried to open the window but the swaying of the coach made it impossible. She did not know where to find the light, so with some difficulty she lowered herself from the bunk and, groping in the dark, made for the window.

She felt her exploring fingers touch a square object like a small box, and was wondering what it was when suddenly the light went on. She blinked and then almost screamed. The lower bunk was occupied now by a fierce-looking, middle-aged woman with a hard, thin mouth, grey hair and eyes that seemed to burn with anger.

Miss Smith noticed that those eyes were glaring down at her hands, and looking down too she was horrified to see that her fingers were on an open jewel box, in which sparkled a cluster of diamond bracelets and rings. She could think of nothing to say or do, but stood there, petrified and silent, wondering how she could ever explain it all to the police.

"Get back to your berth," said the other woman in English.

MISS SMITH nodded her head miserably and forgetting about the window, the heat and the fact that she had at last met the woman whose luggage was marked with a similar name, climbed up into the upper berth and made herself as small and inconspicuous as possible. She tried to go to sleep again, but she felt hot and sick.

She began to believe that she was involved in some kind of a nightmare in which reality and fantasy were inextricably mixed. She noticed that her companion did not switch off the light again. She suddenly wished that she were back at home in her mother's quiet and unadventurous front parlour.

She awoke when the train stopped at Toulouse n the early hours of the morning. It was cooler now and, in spite of rushing noise and the jarring of the wheels, she had managed to sleep a little. She became immediately aware of the noise below her, and although she did not dare look down she realized that her companion was getting off the train. Presently the door opened and the smell of thyme and fresh air filled the compartment.

Miss Smith could hear her companion's dragging steps shuffling down the corridor as she carried her own luggage. "Poor woman," thought Miss Smith in spite of her fear, "I suppose there are no porters at this time of the morning."

Then there was silence in the compartment and she realised with a feeling of relief that she was alone again at last.

SHE climbed down from her bunk as the train began to move again, peeped out of the window at the deserted platform and the clear sky that was already tinged with early morning green; and feeling that she could not sleep any more, decided to get up.

It was when she opened her powder-box that she received her next shock. There, on top of the powder-puff, lay a diamond ring of great size and beauty. Miss Smith stared at the ring in complete silence for a few minutes, and then she realized that it was one of the rings from the jewel case that she had seen open in the middle of the night.

Her first impulse was to throw it out through the sliding ventilating slots above the window, but the fact that the train had only just started to move held her back. Instead she sat down on the edge of the bunk and began to cry, as much from frustration and anger as from anything else.

It was then that she made her second discovery : the strange woman had left all her luggage behind. It lay on her berth with the pink labels still tied to it. Miss Smith snatched up the first case, and found that it was unlocked and empty. She picked up each of the remaining cases. They too were unlocked and empty. She took one of the labels in her hand and read out her own name and address over and over again.

She thought she was going mad, but instead of giving way to her fear, as her friends would have expected of her, she dabbed her eyes with cold water, had a cup of warm tea from the Thermos flask she had so wisely brought with her, and felt immediately better.

She held up the ring again and now that it was daylight she saw how it shone and twinkled in the clear sunlight. She stared out of the window at the burnt-up countryside, the straggling vineyards and the little walled cemeteries which, with their dark cyprus trees and elaborate tombs, looked like miniature villages set in among the arid plains of the midi, and she knew that she had fallen in love with the ring. It was a symbol of freedom, of sunshine and of adventure.

Realizing that she was now involved in one of those strange adventures of which she had so often read, she decided to hide the ring and, after careful thought, hit on what she felt was a simple but effective hiding place.

Having disposed of the ring she decided to be rid of the empty suitcases. First she tore off the labels and hid them between the folds of various personal letters that she carried in her bag. Then she took the cases one by one out into the corridor.

SHE searched the wagons-lits for anything else of interest and collected out of the waste-paper basket various pieces of tissue paper and cotton wool with which her companion had taken off her make-up before going to sleep the previous night. These she placed in a small box marked: "The pills, to be taken three times a day before meals."

Then, satisfied that she had done all in her power to protect herself, she sat down to await the next development. She could not recollect ever having enjoyed herself so much in her life before.

The train stopped at Narbonne, where there is a connection to Sete and Marseilles, and she was not unduly surprised to see that there were about twenty policemen standing (*Continued on page* 65)

a rich compelling perfume, as splendid as a vintage wine 35/- 85/-

All that's best in Britain...

If there is beauty at Christmas, then it is to be seen in our old Church Carols. Like the bells in the clear, frosty night sky they ring out from young voices in Cathedral and Church from every town and village in our land, telling the story of our hopes . . . our hopes for Peace and Prosperity . . . which we of the Standard Motor Company wish all owners and prospective owners of our products in the years to come.

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STANDARD CARS · TRIUMPH CARS · STANDARD COMMERCIAL VEHICLES · FERGUSON TRACTORS

on the platform. As soon as the train slowed down they clambered excitedly aboard the wagon-lit coach.

Presently she heard their voices coming down the corridor, then there was a loud banging on her door and the attendant, his face full of apologies, showed them in. They tried at first to force her off the train, but when she refused to go they began searching the compartment with a brutality and thoroughness that surprised her.

When they had failed to find what they were looking for, they grew very angry indeed and began to threaten her, saying: "We know you've got it. What have you done with it?" To all of which Miss Smith replied that she did not know what they were talking about, and that they would hear from the British Ambassador if they did not stop annoying her.

The situation was gathering in noise and confusion when the station-master arrived and told the police that the train was due to leave. The police said that the train could not leave until they had finished their investigations; the station-master said that the train would leave regardless.

It did, whilst they were all arguing in Miss Smith's compartment. There was an immediate stampede. Some made for the door, others for the window. As the train drew out Miss Smith looked out of the window and waved to them; but the police paid no attention to her: they were busy arresting the station-master for obstruction of duty.

ALTHOUGH the train stopped at frequent intervals after Narbonne the police did not make any further attempt to hold her, and soon the foothills of the Pyrenees joined the sea and the train was wandering through patterned vineyards and square fields of maize, while the villas of the little seaside towns clung to the red soil like anemones on a rocky ledge beneath the sea; and here and there, on the surrounding summits, old Spanish forts crouched behind their ramparts of sandstone and thorn.

The air was scented and whenever the train stopped the noise of crickets sounded above the escaping steam.

She was met at Colliure by an old Citroen, at the wheel of which sat a Slav chauffeur, who, with expressionless face and languid movements drove at great speed, in a cloud of white dust, up a thin mountain road from which Colliure, with its Moorish harbour, bull-fighting arena and painted fishing boats drawn up on the strand, looked like a toy town in a shop window.

When they reached a lonely precipice where a few goats scrambled among the bare rocks, the car came to a stop and while Miss Smith horrified her imagination with a mental picture of her dead body falling from rock to rock, the chauffeur, without a word, handed her an envelope.

She opened it and saw inside a bundle of English five-pound notes and a letter in the same handwriting as that on the labels, which ran:

"Here is £300 in English notes. Tell the chauffeur to take you back to the station and then return to England."

Miss Smith leant forward and said to the driver:

"Do you know what this letter contains?"

"No," said the chauffeur without turning round.

"Drive on," said Miss Smith.

As the car once again climbed up the narrow mountain road Miss Smith thought: Well, this is a most profitable way of travelling. She put the envelope into her bag and looked forward calmly to her meeting with her employer.

THE chateau was square and white, with a flat, red-tiled roof and an inner courtyard shaded by palm trees. It was built into the side of a hill among the vineyards and olive groves that had followed them most of the way up from the sea. An avenue of mimosa led to the front archway where, in the dark blue shadows, geraniums trailed from earthen vases. Inside the cool rooms the sunlight was kept out by green shutters that cast strange liquid shadows on the white walls. Miss Smith, as she followed the maid to the drawing-room, felt that she was in an aquarium.

In the room itself, as if posing for a photograph, sat the countess herself with, on her left, Miss Smith's strange travelling companion and, on her right, a policeman. The countess, who was young and had the bright, silly face of a woman who has never had to do anything for herself, leant forward and said, as if she had suddenly seen something she wanted to buy:

"There she is. She ought to be arrested."

"What is the charge?" asked Miss Smith calmly.

"My private secretary," said the countess, bowing to the woman on her left, "was robbed of my jewellery and luggage while bringing it down by train. We believe you stole it. Where is it?"

"If I tell you," said Miss Smith, "will you give me a reward?"

"The impudence!" said the countess, while the policeman smiled and the private secretary pulled in her mouth like an insect about to strike.

"We will send you back to England and not bring a charge against you," said the countess.

Miss Smith turned to the private secretary.

"Why did you get off the train at Toulouse?" she asked.

The secretary began to cry in loud gulps and the countess stood up angrily.

"This is too much," she said. "Her poor mother is dying. Now look what you've done. You have upset her." The policeman frowned and shook his head in disappointment.

"You will find your jewellery and your luggage with your private secretary's dying mother," said Miss Smith calmly.

The private secretary attempted to deny the charge but when Miss Smith had produced the pink labels, the note containing the money, the pieces of hair and the cotton (*Continued on page* 66)

The 'Silken-look' glamourises every skin

HELENA RUBINSTEIN

Silk FACE POWDER

Actually made from *pure silk*

also **SILK-TONE FOUNDATION** and **SILK LIPSTICK** to give you that wonderfully natural, attractive 'Silken-look'

"A SKIN LIKE SILK" — smooth as silk, fine as silk, pretty as silk. Is it possible? Yes! — but only the Helena Rubinstein new silk make-up can give it you. "The Silken-look" is something utterly different; something that glamourises every type of skin; something that gives a natural, peach-smooth texture — as though your skin had been brushed by a butterfly's wing!

You *can* use silk face powder (made in eight delightful shades) with your usual foundation. But SILK-TONE FOUNDATION *blends* with silk powder to create a natural, life-like bloom of exquisite beauty. To complete the "Silken-look" — SILK LIPSTICK comes in nine lovely shades with SILK ROUGE-EN-CREME to tone.

To know more about Silk Make-up send 2½d. stamp for booklet — "Beauty Takes Silk," to Dept.2M, 3 Grafton Street, London, W.1.

- *** Gives a fascinating glamourous transparency.**
- *** Remains matt all day**
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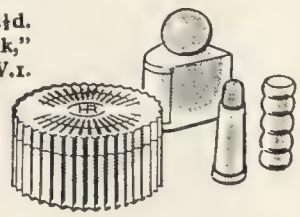
- *** Cannot 'cake' or clog the pores**
- *** Suits every skin**



SILK POWDER 11/8 & 22/6
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NEW SILK MAKE-UP *A COSMETIC TRIUMPH*

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wool, she had a nervous breakdown and confessed to everything.

LATER, when she had been removed, Miss Smith and the countess had a cup from the packet of tea that the new governess had brought with her.

"Your secretary," said Miss Smith, "felt that this was her opportunity of stealing your belongings and putting the blame on to me. She made out the labels in my name so that it would look as if I were trying to smuggle them back to England, then planted the ring in my powder-box. Just before Toulouse she emptied the contents of the suitcases into her old, unlabelled ones and, with the jewel-case under her arm, got off the train, deposited the goods with her 'sick mother' and came on here by car.

"She expected me to be arrested at Narbonne. When the police failed to discover either the ring or the suitcases, she tried to bribe me. When she saw me come in at the door I think she realized that she was lost. It was quite easy really."

"I'm always amazed," said the countess, "at the change that comes over you young English girls when you leave your country. Will you be my private secretary?"

"Certainly," said Miss Smith looking modestly down at her lap, where her thin hands lay meekly together on a fold of her dress.

"And you may keep the ring," said the countess. "I spotted it at once, of course, but you were right to wear it on your engagement finger : a mere man would never recognize a diamond even when he saw it flashing under his eyes. More tea, Miss Smith?"

END

My Cornish Homes

(*Continued from page 28*)

of a tin-mine chimney stack rearing its head into the sky.

Certainly there is something quite strange and even sinister about the atmosphere around Trencrom, especially on a dark, cloudy day, with the hill bathed in a grey light that seems to suggest "ghosties and ghoulies and things that go bump in the night!"

Every Midsummer's Eve a large crowd of local people and children assembles on top of Trencrom for the ceremonial lighting of an enormous bonfire—then, too, with the flames leaping high, and the voice of a Bard reciting in Cornish — with the flare of bonfires springing up on other hills ringing around Cornwall—it is impossible not to be conscious of "the very long ago," that sense of past which still dominates Cornwall.

From my cottage on Trencrom, I went to one of those delightful tall and dignified Georgian houses which surround the Morrab Gardens in Penzance. Although most of these houses are now let out in furnished rooms, in appearance at least they still manage to suggest something of that leisurely, well-bred life of the early part of the last century, when Penzance was a great centre of intellectual and scientific activity.

Indeed, during my residence there, Penzance seemed to me a very solid, workmanlike, busy sort of town—very much a centre, a meeting place, a hub around which the rest of West Penwith revolved. Walk about Penzance on Thursday, market-day, and you will see it at its best and most Cornish—thronged with farmers and their families in from the surrounding agricultural districts.

CAMBORNE, my next home, was very much a contrast to Penzance, though both are large towns. It was at Camborne that I lived in a theatre, being one of a group of enthusiasts who took over an old hotel in the centre of the town and turned it into Camborne's first repertory theatre. From many points of view Camborne might seem almost the last place in Cornwall in which to start a theatre. Nevertheless, it was started and exists to this day.

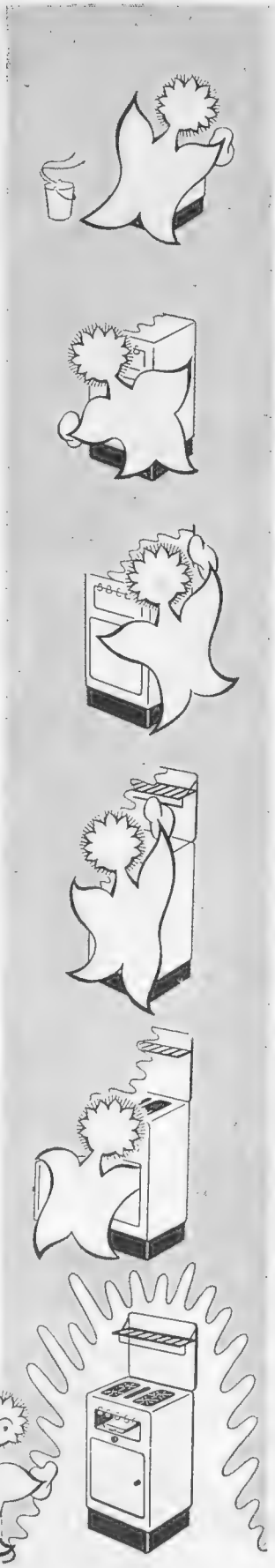
It was interesting, in those early days, to study the local reaction—at first a certain amount of suspicion, then gathering curiosity, then extremely practical help, with local residents coming in in the evenings to help with the work of conversion, laying floors, putting in seats and so on.

When the theatre was finally opened by the veteran West Country actor, Cyril Maude, the whole town had come to feel a sense of proprietorship, and the ceremony was attended by many local civic leaders.

It was, I felt, typical of Camborne, and of most Cornish places, that once having accepted the new venture, the local people showed very many kindnesses towards the members of the theatre. By that time I myself knew something of the Cornish character, but I well remember the reactions of many players who had come down from London. Their first impression of Camborne, with its grim, straight, high streets, and its unattractive rows of greystone houses, cannot have been a very encouraging one. If the attitude of the local people had been as grey as the appearance of their houses—well, I fancy many of the players would have felt pretty dismal. But the reverse was the case. People were almost embarrassingly hospitable, inviting us into their houses, to their dances and other meetings—in fact, making us feel *at home*.

At Camborne there was no sea. At Falmouth, my next home, there was the sea everywhere, or so it seemed. I was very fortunate to live in one of the charming row of houses that looks straight out over the wide harbour, in the Greenbank area. I had a room at the top of one of these houses, and at night I used to sit at the window and look out on a fairyland view—the great sweep of gleaming water sparkling with the tiny lamps of hundreds of craft—in the distance the flares from the docks, where dockers were working (*Continued on page 68*)

Your cooker's always good as new with just a little help from you



The new gas cookers do a wonderful job for you in making the most of your food and gas supplies. But even if yours is an older model there's still *years* of good service in it—particularly if you give it a little care and attention.

THE HOTPLATE. For fast boiling, turn up the gas until the tip of the flame just touches the bottom of the pot or pan. Never let the gas "flare up"— it wastes fuel and costs more.

Clean the burners occasionally with a stiff brush. Remove any grease or burnt food from the burner holes with a pipe cleaner or handy hairpin. It's also a good plan to give the grill frets a bath now and again in hot soapy water, which will reduce cooking smells in the kitchen.

THE OVEN. To get the best results with your oven allow it to heat up for 15 minutes before putting in the dish, and always place the tin, or tray, with the longest sides parallel to the burners. Don't overcrowd the oven, but allow plenty of room for the heat to circulate freely.

By the way, a quick wipe over with a damp cloth while the oven is still warm will prove an easier way to shift any grease that may have splashed, rather than leave it until it's baked on really hard.

Take care of your cooker — and use gas wisely — in your own and the Nation's interest.

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Peggy Sage BRINGS PERFECTION TO FINGER-TIPS

Her famous Nail Polish has the flawless lustre of fine jewels . . . a diamond-hard unchippable quality . . . that has no equal

SATINBASE
Helps to protect nails from splitting and prolongs wear of polish.

OIL DRY
A blessing to busy hands — dries the nails in a moment.

MANICURE SALONS:

LONDON: 130 New Bond Street, W.1. (Corner of Grosvenor Street) Phone: MAYfair 0396
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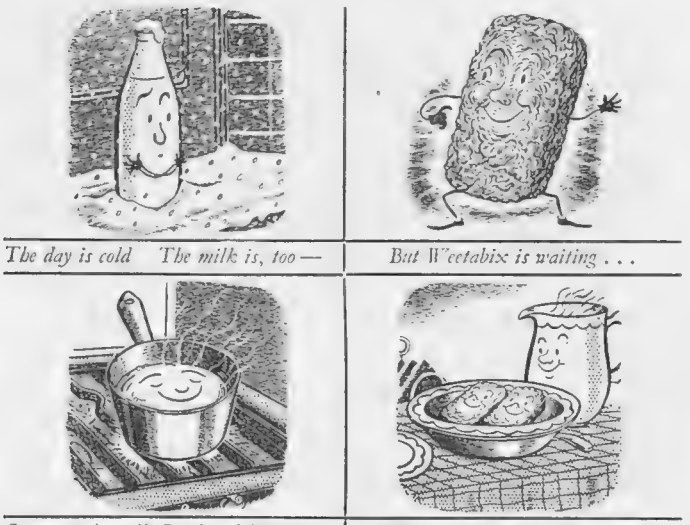

The day is cold The milk is, too — | *But Weetabix is waiting . . .*

So warm *the milk Let breakfast start —* | *Here's* goodness *for the taking!*

serve Weetabix warm in wintry weather

Send the kiddies out warm *inside* when the weather's cold, and they'll *stay* warm. So give them nourishing, energy-giving, whole-wheat Weetabix with *hot* milk. Nothing tastier, nothing but goodness, nothing more certain to be eaten up—every crumb! *And that's a jolly good thing in itself!*

* *FREE SAMPLE AND RECIPE LEAFLET*

Weetabix is *more* than a breakfast food. You can use it in *dozens* of ways. Write to Mrs. Crisp, 18Y, Constantia House, Burton Latimer, Northants, for a free sample and a copy of her latest leaflet of recipes. You'll find *both* useful!

WEETABIX — whole wheat, malt, double sugar, salt — crisply toasted

EVERY PACKET FULL TO THE BRIM WITH GOODNESS

Design in "Ayrbeam" 3-ply—Leaflet 920, post free 6½d.

Templeton's 'AYR' *Wools*

JAMES TEMPLETON & SON, LTD., Ayr., Scotland
Worsted Spinners since 1827

CANASTA . . . *do you play?*

If so your hands play a prominent part.

CRÈME-SHALIMAR

THE GIFT *that is also an heirloom*

LAN-AIR-CEL Blankets, loveliest of all! So soft and light, so wonderfully warm, and woven from pure Scottish wool, they are the cherished possessions of a lifetime. Anyone who has travelled in the de-luxe cabins of the QUEEN MARY, the QUEEN ELIZABETH or the CARONIA, will be quick to recognise their featherlight perfection . . . and the years will confirm your gift of a lifetime's loveliness. From all the best stores. Free of purchase tax yet still guaranteed for ten years.

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CELLULAR BLANKETS

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING MANUFACTURERS OF LAN-AIR-CEL BLANKETS McCALLUM & CRAIGIE LIMITED

In case of difficulty write to McCALLUM & CRAIGIE LTD.
DEPARTMENT 5, WELLSHOT ROAD, GLASGOW, E.2 *for list of stockists*

a night shift on some urgent repair—beyond, the winking light of St. Anthony Lighthouse. Across the way from me were the lights of Flushing, and in the distance a shimmer of light from St. Mawes, tucked away behind a headland.

It was a wonderful view, perhaps even more wonderful in the daytime, on a sky-blue summer's day, for then I could see all the rich colours, the painted dinghies and the sleek red and white yachts bobbing up and down like corks, behind them the gaunt hulks of cargo steamers unloading at the docks.

Regularly, too, the ferryboat to St. Mawes could be watched as it backed away from the pier, turned and steamed in a diagonal line across to its hidden destination. Even more regular was the squat little motor-boat ferry that scurried backwards and forwards between Falmouth and Flushing. Of course there were boats coming and going everywhere—the whole estuary sometimes would seem alive with movement especially when there were yachting races in the Carrick Roads, the red and white sails fluttering precariously in the sea breeze.

FALMOUTH, like Penzance, had an inner life; headquarters of the Royal Polytechnic Society, centre for numerous social gatherings, home of a large section of retired people — and also, incidentally, of a somewhat hideous new housing estate. But it was as a place of the water that I always saw it, from the holiday beach over on the west side, to the more industrious Greenbank side with which I was more familiar.

Perhaps, too, there is a tendency to see Falmouth as a port rather than a particularly Cornish place. In many ways it is less Cornish than anywhere else.

The same could hardly be said of another of my Cornish homes. This was Portquin, near Port Isaac, along the bleak, cold, cruel north coast, graveyard of so many brave fishermen and sailors. This is the Cornwall of novels and railway posters—great craggy cliffs and booming seas, here and there a tiny inlet in which nestles a snug fishing village, such as Port Isaac. There are not many trees to be found along this wild north coast, and those that have survived are bent backwards by the winds. The air is cool and bracing, another climate altogether from the soft humidity of Falmouth or Penzance.

My home at Portquin was a castle—a miniature one, it is true, but a castle all the same. Some eccentric of the past had built it on the very tip of a cliff headland. I did not live very long at the castle—I do not think many people would. A previous resident had been a dipsomaniac who drank himself to death; and the local postman had many weird and rather disturbing stories of legends and ghosts, built up around the castle, all or some of which was inclined to prey on the mind in the middle of a wild night!

The towns of Cornwall are personalities in themselves, and an integral part of the county—but if you really want to understand Cornwall, you must especially venture out among the more lonely parts, down the sidetracks and along the cliff pathways. A row of grey cottages on the edge of a bleak moor; a derelict chimney poking out of barren ground; some ancient stone quoits standing in splendid isolation; an old farmhouse nestling in some hollow, as if it had grown there many centuries ago; a cleft in the massive cliffs, leading to some tiny fishing hamlet, like Penberth Cove in West Penwith, with a few white boats drawn up on the stones; and everywhere the restless surging sea, grey with anger or blue with smiles, angrily pounding and biting at the rocks and cliffs and sands. . . . That is a visual picture of the sort of Cornwall I have come to think of as the true Cornwall—but I have only discovered it by experiencing first all the many and fascinating contrasts of my various Cornish homes.

END

Something Different

(*Continued from page* 35)

The Christmas presents suggested on page 35 can be obtained from the following stores:

Pottery lamp base and pie-frill shade; novelty key-rings; Alice in Wonderland china figures; pomander pot; medallion brooches; Spec-cord; telephone cord holder and Handilite. From Druces of Baker Street, W.1.

Venetian ruby glass ashtray; golf scorer; handbag perfume phial and funnel; handbag clothes brush; torch screwdriver; hammer compactum. From Marshall and Snelgrove of London, W.1.

Pearls from Ciro Pearls Ltd., Regent Street, W.1.

Mosaic box for vitamin pills; Swedish glass fish; metal mesh plant holders. From Liberty's of Regent Street, W.1.

Travelling jewel case and Pull-o-Pad. Fenwicks of Bond Street.

Goya crackers; Dubarry gift box; Chanel perfume; Vinolia bears; Chen-Yu manicure set. From good chemists.

National Savings greetings cards, obtainable free from all National Savings Groups.

Penciliter from Ronson stockists.

END

In Ice Blue

(*Continued from page* 44)

in front edge as before; rep. along edge 10 times. Work picots along front without joining, (but make first 2 and last 2 with 7 or 8 ch. to act as buttonholes), for about 13 ins., join right shoulder to back on last 11 picots. Sew 1 tiny button on each of 2 picots either side of neck opening. Give final press.

END

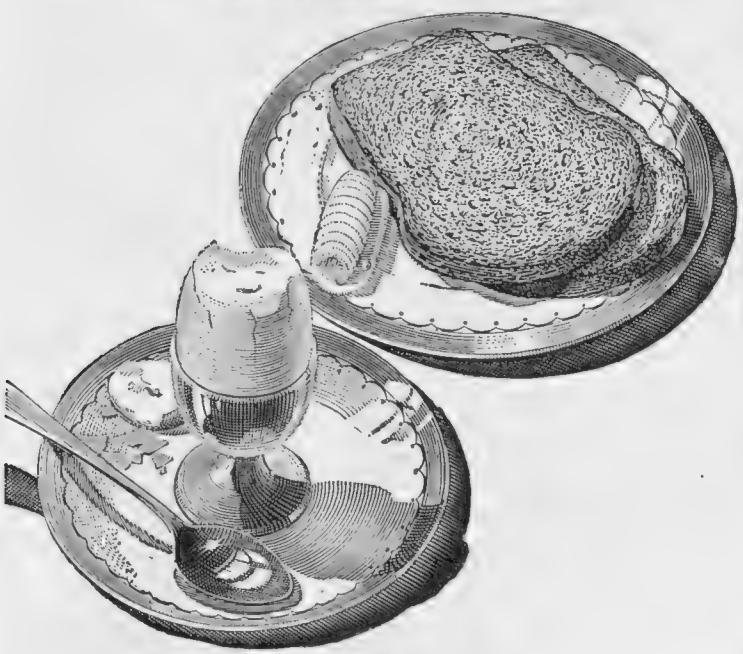
Where there's a Main in the house, time is saved. For the Main gas cooker—with its patent Mainstat controlling the oven temperature, its highly efficient boiling and simmering burners and quick-heating grill—does its work effectively and without fuss. The taps are safe from accidental turning and the enamelled surfaces are so easily kept clean. See it at your Gas Showroom.

THE MAIN ATTRACTION
is the time and trouble it saves you!

Snowballs—from The Main Cookery Book

MAIN
GAS COOKERS

Every meal a square meal . . .



and thank Hovis for that

The ORIGINAL

Beef Extract

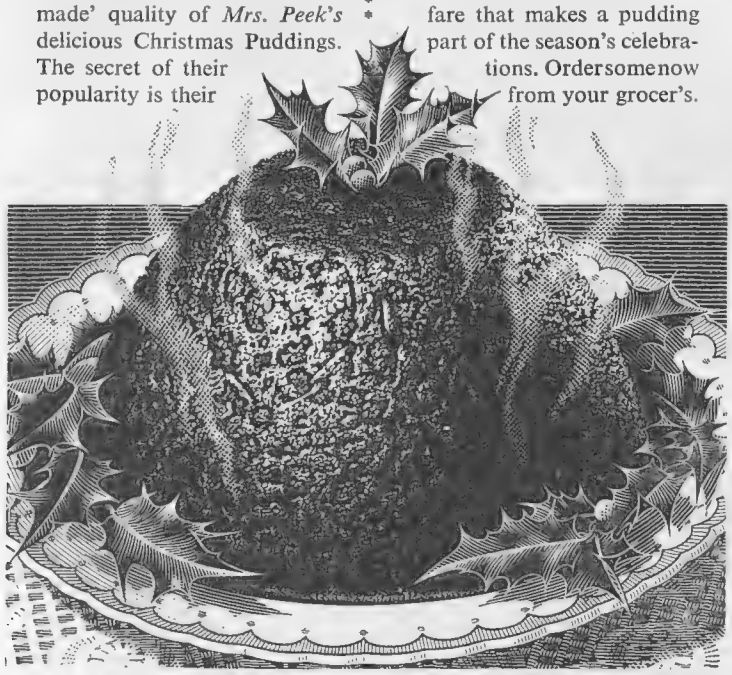
- supreme in quality

Lemco is the original and genuine beef extract—unseasoned, rich and highly concentrated. Use it sparingly and add the strength and flavour of Beef to all meat dishes, soups and gravies. Especially valuable in invalid cookery. One pound of Lemco contains the rich juices of 30 lbs. of prime beef.

A PRODUCT OF OXO LIMITED LONDON

The secret's in the recipe!

Everyone loves the rich 'home-made' quality of *Mrs. Peek's* delicious Christmas Puddings. The secret of their popularity is their traditional recipe—all the finest fare that makes a pudding part of the season's celebrations. Order some now from your grocer's.



Mrs. Peek's *CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS*

Made by PEEK FREAN'S *In two sizes—1-lb. and 2-lb.*

Lotus have designed these shoes for the woman with a high instep —who wants slim sleek supple court shoes — but high-cut — tailored to the foot—never slipping on her heels! The secret of this flexible firmness is a hidden, inner, ankle hugging rim of Lastex.* The shoes are of punched black suede.

* *Lastex* Yarn in a fine elastic lining is unobtrusively incorporated in shoe uppers to provide well fitting top lines, quarters and insteps with a snug feeling across the vamp — in short, the greatest comfort in the smartest shoe.

Write for leaflet on Lastex in shoes to LASTEX YARN & LACTRON THREAD LTD., ST. MARY'S MILLS, LEICESTER

IL/22

Made From Left-overs

(*Continued from page* 44)

Continue in the above manner working stripes of 10 rows of st.st. with 2 rows of garter st. in black between until knitting measures 22 ins.

To make up the bag, first press well. Now, keeping stripes vertical, insert 1 in. of knitted fabric through the slot of one handle and gather to required size. Work the other end in the same manner. Turn in ½ in. at each end of lining and gather to same size as knitted fabric. Join side seams of both knitting and lining leaving 2 ins. open at each side and press. Now insert lining and slip stitch to knitted fabric (leaving 1 in. of knitted fabric where inserted through the slots at top), slip stitch lining to fabric at open side seams.

Voyage Not Completed

(*Continued from page* 19)

of water, cold, dirty sea water. I stepped into the manhole on to some girders over which I had lashed two hatch-boards. Then I told Anna to follow me. She was trembling as I helped her down.

"You'll be all right here, honey," I said as we crouched on the hatch-boards. "The guards'll never look here when we leave. They'll think it's full of water. It's marked full on the soundings board."

"Oh John, I'm scared!"

"This is our only chance, dear. It won't be for long. As soon as we're in the Baltic I'll get you out."

A few hours later, out in the Baltic, I was pacing the bridge worrying about Anna. All sorts of fears were threatening me. I could see Anna battened down in that cold ballast tank, clinging to the slippery hatchboards, as the slimy water, with the rolling of the ship, sloshed over her. But that was silly, I told myself. The ship wasn't rolling. The sea was calm, flat as a floor. Above us stars shone all over the sky, and a lazy moon, more than half full, picked its way carefully among them. There was hardly a whisper of wind.

Captain Bewell was watching me, eyeing me with sympathy. He knew I was all torn up about Anna. His ruddy face, harsh to look at at times, was now kindness itself, a mask of benevolence. An impulse to tell him I had Anna stowed in a ballast tank seized me, but on second thoughts I stamped it out. You could never trust a captain that way. Stowaways always meant a mass of trouble to captains. And nowadays, with the world boiling with intrigue, they are liable to cause an international situation.

When we were letting go the captain had asked me if I'd had any success about getting Anna out. I shook my head. The captain didn't say any more. He just went on about his business of getting the ship away from the dock. There was nothing more he could say, nothing more anybody could say.

THE *Jacob Lee* pushed quietly through the placid waters, leaving a straight wake stretched like a white road behind her. She was light. All her cargo had been discharged in Gdynia, and as usual, when an American ship leaves an Iron Curtain port, she took no cargo with her.

The captain came up beside me and leaned against the brass stand of the telegraph. He had a slip of paper in his hand.

"I think we're a little down by the head," he said. "We'd better fill the after peak up. I just had the carpenter sound it. It's only three-quarters full. It's marked full on the board, too. Guess somebody was drunk. Phone up the engineer, John, and tell him to pump it up."

The full impact of the words, what they meant, hit me in the stomach first. I felt sick. I wanted to lie down. But I couldn't move, could hardly even breathe. My fingers clenched on the dodger, bit into it. I stared into the bright night. I saw nothing material, nothing pertaining to the sea ahead. I only saw visions of Anna drowning as the water in the after peak slowly rose as it was being pumped in, for the captain, unknowingly, had asked me to execute my wife!

"John!" The captain's voice was gruff.

"Yes, sir," I stammered.

"Pump up the after peak."

"Yes, sir."

Somehow I managed to get into the wheelhouse to the phone. I picked it off the hook mechanically. At the same time the quartermaster struck six bells—eleven o'clock. I had an hour to go before I would be off watch and be able to get Anna out of the tank. But then it would be too late. In one hour the tank would be full! In one hour, in less than one hour, Anna would be dead.

It was no use, I told myself. I would have to tell the captain that Anna was in the tank. If I didn't she would be drowned. And if I did tell him, he would only swing the ship around and put her ashore again, where, I was sure, she would be thrown in prison for a long time, or in all probability, put to death! Which would be better? To have her drown on the ship, or die in a horrible jail ashore? A wave of anguish hammered me.

I ASKED the captain for permission to leave the bridge. He granted it. On my way aft I was careful to avoid contact with any sailors.

No seamen were around the deck housing aft when I reached it, but from down below, out of the ventilators and up the companionway, I could hear them talking. Quickly I sneaked around to the fantail. The screw threshed the water below me. I lifted a lazaret hatch and dropped down into the steering flat. My blood froze when I hit the deck, for sitting on a box on the after peak manhole cover, with a pail of washing in front of him, (*Continued on page* 72)

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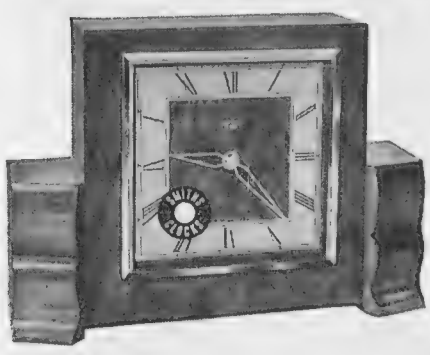

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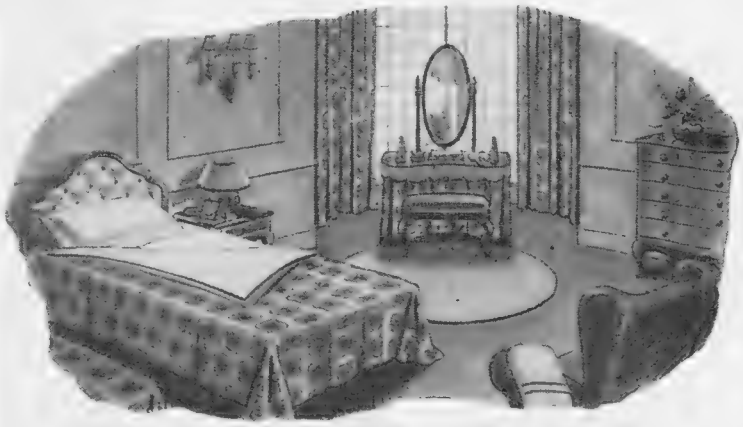

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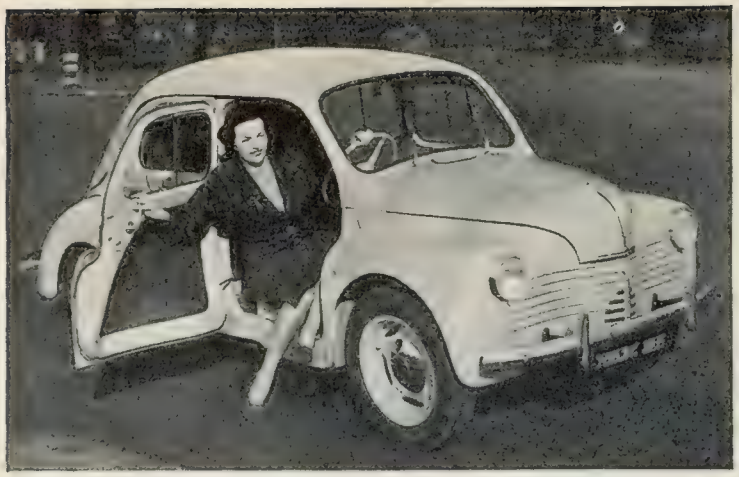

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was a sailor, his mouth wide open, staring at me. He had a soaked shirt in his hands.

For a moment we just gaped at each other, then, recovering from the surprise, I pretended to inspect the steering machinery.

"This is a funny place to do your washing, isn't it?" I said.

"It's private. The washroom's crowded with guys."

Time was evaporating on me. My whole being protested against this man's presence, for right under him, underneath the very plate he sat on, my wife was in mortal danger. I had to get rid of him. But how? I couldn't just order him out right away or he might suspect something was amiss.

Steam was hissing from faulty outlets in the steering engine. It sounded like a hundred angry snakes. The acrid smell of it, mixed with that of oil, seeped into my nose, annoying me more. Then suddenly an idea struck me. I reached down and opened a steam jet, opened it full. A cloud of steam shot out, filling the steering flat, blotting vision out like a fog.

"What the hell!" I heard the man say, as he staggered to his feet.

"The jet's broke off. Will you go and tell the engineer?"

I heard him leaving by a door that led through to the crew's quarters. Instantly I was at the manhole cover, removed the pail of washing, and began to unscrew the nuts which held the cover in position. I had to be quick for the man would be back in a few minutes with an engineer. The steam whirled around me, blinding me, but it was a wonderful camouflage. If I couldn't see what I was doing nobody else could.

I got the cover off and shouted to Anna. She answered me, her voice charged with fright, but the very sound of it, the very knowledge she was alive was the greatest relief I had ever known. In a few seconds I had her out among the steam. She clung to me. She was shivering. And the violent roaring of the steam from the open jet frightened her more. She couldn't understand it, and I didn't have time to explain.

WE were several hours through the Pentland Firth, with the grey houses of Thurso showing on our port side, and setting a course past the Isle of Lewis for home when the cablegram came. It was about eleven o'clock in the morning, four days from Gdynia. Grey, rain-filled clouds scudded across the sky, making the morning very dull. The first indication I had that something was wrong was when the Old Man came storming out on the port wing of the bridge where I was looking at the rugged coastline of Scotland through the glasses. His angry voice swung me around. I noticed the marconigram in his hand. He handed it to me. I saw it was from our New York Office, and on it I read:

POLISH AUTHORITIES HERE INSIST YOU HAVE KIDNAPPED POLISH CITIZEN ANNA GRABESKY STOP KEEP STOWAWAY UNDER GUARD STOP SHE WILL BE PUT ABOARD POLISH SHIP HERE AS SOON AS YOU ARRIVE STOP BE CAREFUL SHE DOES NOT ATTEMPT SUICIDE STOP HARVEY.

I felt as if I was being poured out of myself. This had ruined everything! I had been beginning to think, considering how lucky I was in keeping Anna concealed for four days, that I was going to manage to keep her under cover all the way over.

"Well, where is she?" The captain's voice, harsh and stern, seemed to clang in my ears.

"In my room, sir."

"Huh! I might have guessed this would happen!"

A twinge of anger speared me.

"Wouldn't you have done the same thing, sir?"

He grunted, a low rumble that rattled up from his large stomach.

"Didn't you realize the trouble you'd cause, and in the end you still wouldn't be able to get your wife into the States? Don't you see what the wire implies? That we have kidnapped her! Do you think these Communists will ever admit that she stowed away? Not them! They'll try to make an international incident out of this. Take it to the U.N. and God knows where! Shout kidnappers at us in the General Assembly! Say we kidnapped her and tortured her to make her tell us some secret she knew!"

"But I can prove she's my wife, sir."

"And," he grunted again, "what'll our people say to that? They'll say she married you to come here to spy for Moscow."

"That's ridiculous, sir! This wire proves they wouldn't think that."

"That wire proves nothing except that she's on this ship!"

"But if they thought that wouldn't the fact that this wire was sent prove to the people she isn't a spy?"

"No. They'd just think that the Communists' plans miscarried somewhere and they were just double-crossing the girl to clear themselves. But apart from all this, every alien who enters the States from an Iron Curtain country is under suspicion no matter how they enter or how genuine they may appear to be. And rightly so! But even if the Commies weren't saying we kidnapped her you'd still have a lot of trouble getting her in. You can't just marry a girl in Europe nowadays and walk into the States with her! She'd probably be detained for months by the Immigration. And then get deported in the end!"

A FEW days went by. We were well out in the Atlantic now, jogging along with an easy roll. The captain hadn't spoken to me since the day the wire came. He hadn't even asked to see my wife, though he did tell the steward she could eat in the saloon with me. I had thanked him for granting this privilege, but he ignored me. I had let him down. To his way of thinking, to any captain's way of thinking, I had double-crossed him.

Anna and I were sitting in my room staring at each other, our faces filled with misery, trying, wracking our minds trying, to think of a way out, when a knock sounded on the door.

"Come in," I said.

(*Continued on page 74*)

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Voyage Not Completed

The steward poked his head in and said the captain wanted to see me. I sighed. I guessed another wire had come and I was going to get another lecture. Wearily I got to my feet, kissed Anna and told her not to worry, then went up to the captain's room. He was sitting at his desk when I entered. A grin was trying to fight its way through a mask of sternness on his face. I waited apprehensively.

"I've just received another wire."

I didn't say anything. I could feel myself begin to get angry, but I curbed it. To become hostile wouldn't help things any.

"This wire, I think, may answer your problems. We've just been ordered to go to Vera Cruz and pick up a cargo there for New York."

Hope began to simmer in me, though as yet, I couldn't see how going to Mexico would help Anna and me any except that it would mean we would be a little longer together, a little longer before we were brutally wrenched apart. Staring at me, the captain could see I didn't grasp his meaning very well.

"Now this is what I'm going to do when we get to Vera Cruz," he went on. "I'm going to pay you off sick. I'll get a doctor to arrange that. The marriage licence you have will be enough to allow your wife to land. I'll tell the authorities her passage was legally arranged, so I don't think there'll be any difficulty there. The rest will be up to you. Getting her from Mexico into the States is your business. It'll be difficult, but whichever way you do it, do it legally!"

So far I hadn't said anything, not even a murmur. I couldn't. I wanted to speak but the words were stuck in the relief I felt. I just stood and stared at the captain, thinking what a wonderful guy he was, wanting to tell him he was swell, then a shadow crossed over my mind. It enabled me to speak. It forced me to speak.

"But won't the Polish people in Vera Cruz know about my wife, sir?"

"I don't think so, John. My orders are to bring her to New York. They won't suspect anything will happen to her in Vera Cruz. They'll expect me to have her under lock and key."

The shadow began to lift.

"But how will you explain her disappearance, sir?"

He smiled, his great face lighting up like a lantern.

"I will merely mark the incident in the log book as VOYAGE NOT COMPLETED. Those three words cover a whole ocean of territory."

END

Cloud Girls

(*Continued from page* 13)

change?" the passing dove would throw off "Rio" or "Hong Kong," as we others should say "Clapham" or "Ealing," and pop into "The Loft."

They put bunks around the bedroom, not surprising in view of their previous incarnation as Wrens, but prayed they might not all "home" together too often. Then the day came when one dove listened too long to cooing by the Nile, and not long afterwards a second dove found her mate amid the wonder of the Orient.

But the third dove seems to be coo-proof. She was so long on the New York run, without result, that I came to pass her on the stairs with a witty "Still taking a Gander at the Americans?" I'm sure her stock stands high to-day with employers who, not without cause, are worried by too quick marriages after extensive and costly training.

On a recent run this resistant dove was saying, "We are now passing over Crete," when she looked down again, and found it was Cyprus, but, as none of the "Load" looked as if they cared a rap whether they were passing over Mauritius, she let it go.

JUST think of the "Loads" upon which an air-stewardess has to smile in the course of a year's duties. Talk of a liberal education!

Americans with masses of all-leather luggage, sari-ed and smiling Indian women, scientists and Sinatras, Chinamen who might be a repetition of the same person, lordly Arabs and bearded, turbaned Sikhs, Babbitts and Cuties, conference delegates and ballerinas, bulk buyers and ex-fellow travellers, "Iron Curtain" refugees and film stars much larger than life, school-children and air "wolves" of varying hues.

I know of only one instance where hostesses are enjoined to accept cards proffered by men passengers on the score that so doing spreads or holds custom. The rest is "up" to the girls themselves, some of whom, with a couple of thousand hours flying, have fat collections of cards never acted on. For they may prefer to go out with the captain, navigator or radio man. Firm companionships develop between men and women in commercial flying, which are said to put sentimental affairs in second place.

One Christmas Day, for example, a plane put down at Dakar, where stewardesses from South America, speaking Spanish and Portuguese, take over for the trans-ocean run. Instead of a sumptuous meal at the principal hotel, to which she had been invited, the handing-over hostess preferred a party with the crew at the station rest-house, when the menu was—rum from Trinidad and galantine from the Argentine. Following which, four days of lovely sun bathing before the return to northern rain and blasts. Such interludes are not uncommon. Incidentally, these girls must have shared the most varied Christmases round the earth, of any of their sex.

Reverting to the "Load," there was a reception in Paris not long ago, at which an enterprising reporter went round asking airline girls what was their biggest grouse against passengers who fly with them. Some of the replies carry this story forward. (*Continued on page* 77)

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Holland: "I can't stand people who call you by going 'Psst, Psst' or by snapping their fingers." (This is said to be a failing of South Americans.)

United States: "I dislike passengers who stuff paper in cups and who give you their empty tray when you are loaded down with a full one."

Britain: "I hate passengers who refuse meals until a few minutes before the plane is due to land; also women who bring several hat-boxes and fur coats aboard."

Belgium: "I bridle at the fellow who thinks he's the only person on board when there are forty other people to take care of; also at passengers who try all the push-buttons and pull out all the ashtrays." (She might have added "and men who refuse to sit near the ventilators when blowing clouds of cigar and other smoke.")

Scandinavia: "I don't like people who try to tip and take it as an insult when we refuse; also passengers who, when asked not to do something, retort that such and such a company lets them do it."

Switzerland: "My pet peeve is with people who put ashes into the plate and stick chewing gum on the seat."

Strange that no one took exception to passengers who haughtily brush "nose-bags" on one side and then are the first to fall victims to air-sickness. And here let me add another facet to this many-sided tale. It is a French air hostess speaking. "At home I put on rubber gloves to wash my dog. High above the Atlantic it doesn't repel me to empty the little bags into which. . . . My mother can't understand it!"

The French usually have original ways of going about things, so do not be surprised when I tell you that Monsieur Jacques Fath is one of those who attends at the examination of would-be air-hostesses. He attends when it comes to "determining the co-efficient of presentation." A candidate should be alluring but not in a vulgar or vampish way.

Another stage of the French procedure is very confidential, having to do with the transport of gold, jewels, and with diplomatic formalities. And yet another takes the form of a film depicting for the girls' benefit the more difficult types of air passengers, the cross ones, the "wolf," the cardiac case, the agitated, the frightened, etc.

I HOPE you see now why I used all those adjectives? And I haven't gone through them all yet. . . .

Unsettling. "One of the drawbacks is that you can never be sure where you're going to be. Meetings with friends, theatre or dinner dates, are difficult to arrange with any certainty. They do try to give us some days' notice for (long) flights, but nothing can be guaranteed. The air is like that."

Romantic. "Everything but the boat-deck." While it is true that these girls flit so quickly from place to place, that they rarely get to know *any* of them, it is possible to look forward to romantic occasions in a Rome or a Rio. And quick things can be done about men, too. Take the hostess who took off from Johannesburg as Adene Brady, cabled en route to a man she hadn't seen for years that she'd be passing through Livingstone, met him there, married him five hours later, and arrived at London Airport as Mrs. Johnny Cookson.

Will she be able to continue flying as a married woman? That depends. But when the husband flies too, married couples are not posted to the same air crew.

Dangerous: Need much be said? One only has to conjure the, alas, too frequent occasions when stewardesses have to pass down the plane and cheerfully, steadily, make the grim announcement: "Put your belts on. Everything will be all right."

Fascinating. The only pool so far taken—in France—showed air-hostess as the third most popular *métier* open to women.

Testing. The temptation to pit one's wits against the Customs has to be resisted. Probably no other woman's job offers such opportunities for really profitable smuggling. Another form of testing concerns the liability of the air-hostess to become involved as hospital nurse and children's help in between acting as cook and librarian; and, of course, as waitress serving mouth-watering meals included in the fares, and over which the chief companies are at such loggerheads.

PAN-AMERICAN serves up meals straight from Maxim's, in Paris, adding perfume and orchids for the women passengers. Air France loves to stuff its patrons with chicken filled with rice, and goose livers and truffles. B.O.A.C. loyally serves Wiltshire bacon, steak and kidney pie and free Scotch.

At this point a stewardess may feel a bit of a Cinderella, seated somewhere or other with her little box of victuals. Not always is she even sure of a seat, as a strike of American hostesses latterly showed. They said they did not like having to "walk the Atlantic." But our girls do have real seats, not just tip-ups, on runs of any length. Likewise they have hotel or rest-house accommodation waiting for them "down the route"; though not always their laundry.

So many things have to be thought out in advance!

Among favourite stop-over centres (maximum forty-eight hours, minimum one hour) are: New York, Montreal, Rio, Nairobi, Hong Kong, Rome.

In addition to a basic wage, British air-stewardesses receive £2 a week flying pay, and such extras as £2 10s. a week on the North Atlantic route. An extra that fell to Viking hostess Sue Cramsie ran to £2,500, but she had a bomb explode beside her over the Channel.

When air-hostesses are naughty, fines are docked from their flying pay. The mortal sin is not to be on hand when a plane is due to start. Nothing but a super excuse—not even the weight of the Transport and General Workers' Union—can stop the sack.

END

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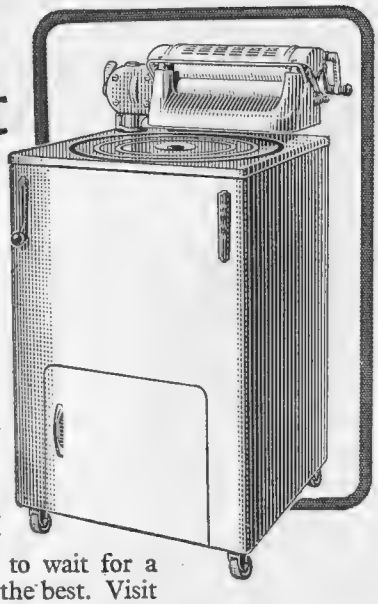

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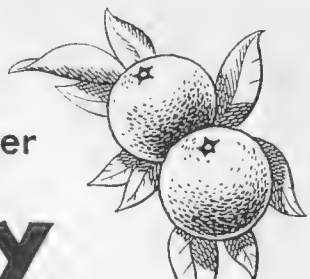

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This Yuletide Business

(*Continued from page* 16)

Christmas tree and their Christmas fare, after Father Christmas (and here the operative word is Father) has stocked up his sack and when all the other festive extras like pantomimes have been reckoned up, the nation's total Christmas bill will be prodigious.

WHAT do people give each other for Christmas? Subjecting the season's festive give-and-take to a cold analysis, an official journal answers this question by comparing November and December sales of eleven groups of "non-food merchandise" and six groups of "food-and-perishables." Most popular of all in December, 1950—as probably, at every Christmas— were "chemists' wares," whose sales shot up fifty-six per cent as compared with November. December shoppers plunged heavily, too, on clothes of all kinds; hardware and tobacco sold well; groceries, of course, went up with a bound; but furniture was not a particularly popular Christmas gift.

It is worth remembering, incidentally, that Christmas business has been given quite a handsome fillip in the last 100 years by two important additions to the list of Christmas "musts"—the Christmas card and the Christmas tree. It is a queer thought that neither of these features, now so inseparable from the British Christmas, had appeared in England when Dickens wrote *A Christmas Carol* (1843).

The first Christmas card, designed by J. C. Horsley, R.A., and printed by a Mr. Jobbins, was issued in 1846, hand-coloured and costing one shilling. But the idea did not catch on until the sixties, and not for twenty years after that did Christmas cards become really popular. What brought them into favour was a series of competitions which produced great improvements in card-design; and when, in 1882, the Post Office revenue jumped by about £50,000, largely through the sudden vogue of these seasonable greetings-cards, Christmas business looked up for every stationer, and not least for the Government, too. And now, with purchase-tax as high as 100 per cent on some cards, the Government is still doing good business out of them.

In fact, as far as Christmas business goes, the Postmaster-General is one of the really big beneficiaries of the season's expansiveness. Last December over 2,000 extra hands were recruited at London's Mount Pleasant to deal with the seasonal deluge of postings; and it was reported that though the additional 50,000 parcels a day were less than previously, the Christmas letters and packets were the most numerous since the war.

As for that other innovation, the Christmas tree, it is, like the Great Exhibition of 1851, one of the things for which we have to thank Prince Albert, who introduced it from Germany soon after his marriage to Queen Victoria. In Albert's native country it was an ancient Christmas feature, probably part of the Yuletide celebrations of the Middle Ages.

No innovation, of course, is Santa Claus, that white-bearded, rubicund portrayal of the good sixth-century bishop, Saint Nicholas. But in a newer version, as the stagey Father Christmas of the toy-departments, he not only charms (or possibly awes) small visitors but reminds their fathers of their Christmas Eve duties. Filling (by proxy) a million stockings he brings joy to as many children and annual satisfaction to the toy industry.

Those who would decry the modern Christmas, with all its festive occasions and diversions, as having become pagan, are on the wrong tack. For the good cheer we now associate with Christmas always has been pagan. The truth is that the Christmas season has a double significance: in those dark days at the end of the year man celebrates not only the birth of Christ but also the winter solstice, the end of the sun's annual southward journey.

In the countries that adopted Christianity, the old revels of mid-winter and the religious rejoicings of Christmas eventually blended, to make a great double anniversary. Hand in hand they have gone on, the Church festival and the pagan wassailing. Both have their place; and if, like Scrooge, we feel like belittling the latter side of Christmas, then may we be speedily converted to other ideas, as Scrooge was. For this Yuletide business—this annual spending spree—is only our modern way of expressing the old, time-honoured Christmas wishes.

END

Best-Selling Authors

(*Continued from page* 20)

before he found success.

The top-line writers of to-day have many advantages over the novelists of the last century. A best-seller to-day may sell 50,000 copies, but there are other marketable rights which provide handsome rewards.

Film rights alone can command between £10,000 and £100,000 for the successful writer. Once the book has been filmed it becomes more popular, and there are many cases on record where film fans saw the film and then purchased the book.

Amongst those whose novels have reached the top is Margaret Mitchell. The fate of her novel, *Gone with the Wind*, gives some indications of the money that can be made from best-sellers.

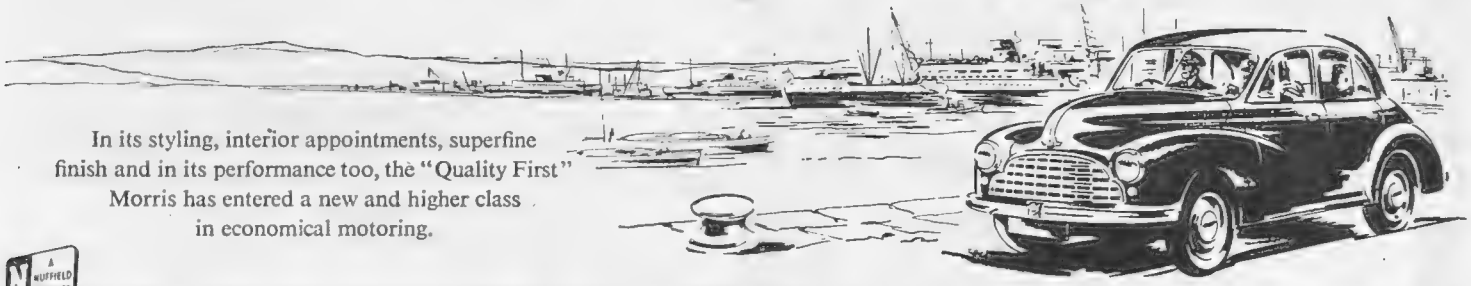
Selling more than three million copies, *Gone with the Wind* gave Miss Mitchell more than £300,000. Taxation, however, took some seventy per cent of this sum, leaving her a net profit of £30,000.

Don't imagine that the author draws very much on each copy of a book sold. In fact, he usually receives between ten and twenty per cent. Out of this both income tax and agent's fees have to be paid.

(*Continued on page* 80)

A new and higher class
in economy motoring—

THE *Quality First*
MORRIS



In its styling, interior appointments, superfine finish and in its performance too, the "Quality First" Morris has entered a new and higher class in economical motoring.

A NUFFIELD PRODUCT

Morris Motors Ltd., Cowley, Oxford. Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford, & 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

C.109E

Gently does it...

The delicate balance of a baby's system is one of the most sensitive things. When some minor upset disturbs the little tummy, only the very gentlest of help is needed. Keep baby's tummy peaceful with 'Milk of Magnesia'* —it so sweetly and gently does it.

'Milk of Magnesia'
★REGD. TRADE MARK
Antacid-laxative
For Wind, Colicky Pains, Constipation and all Minor Upsets.

"... and we mustn't forget the McVitie and Price biscuits— Granny says she's had them for over fifty Christmasses!"

DIGESTIVE
Sweet Meal
BISCUITS *by*
McVITIE & PRICE

Makers of Finest Quality Biscuits

McVITIE & PRICE LTD · EDINBURGH · LONDON · MANCHESTER

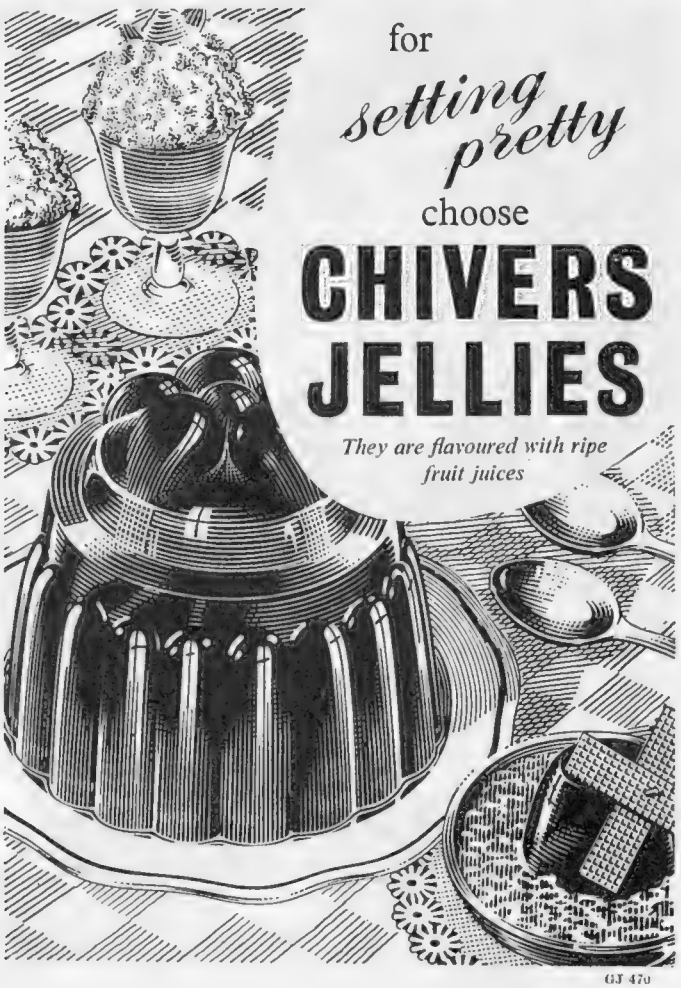
By Appointment Silversmiths Hunt & Roskell Ltd.

Rings—from a Distinguished Collection

The examples shown here are but a few from the very distinguished collection of fine rings to be seen at our Bond Street Showrooms. May we invite you to call and inspect these and other exquisite jewels at your leisure? An illustrated catalogue of rings is available on request.

Hunt & Roskell Ltd
IN ALLIANCE WITH
J. W. Benson Ltd

25 OLD BOND STREET · LONDON, W.1



for
setting pretty
choose
CHIVERS JELLIES
They are flavoured with ripe fruit juices

GJ 47o

A. J. Cronin is one of the few novelists who commands a ready best-selling demand for any book he might write. He was lucky: his first novel was a "hit." *Hatter's Castle* gave him hard work, but it also brought him success.

Peter Cheyney, whose name is probably more widely known to book readers than any other author's name in Britain to-day, last year sold almost three million copies of his novels. *This Man is Dangerous* sold a first edition of 2,000 copies. Since then it has sold 250,000!

What did he make in money? His friends estimate that his income reached almost £500,000 in the last ten years. His fortune lay in his "American" style of writing, yet he had never been in America until a year or two before his death recently.

While Shakespeare could not make more than £200 a year with his genius, Milton received only £15 for *Paradise Lost* and Oliver Goldsmith £60 for *The Vicar of Wakefield*, those at the top of the writing business in this age are making fortunes.

Taxation is always a problem for the best-selling author. Ernest Hemingway makes £30,000 a year out of one magazine alone. In addition it pays his expenses to Europe or round the world as well. Taxation, however, reduces this income to less than £8,000.

In addition to this, Hemingway can get as much as £250,000 for the film rights of a short story. His book royalties from *A Farewell to Arms* and *For Whom the Bell Tolls* alone were enormous.

Success doesn't depend upon subject. Arthur Ransome became a best-seller of children's stories as he was recovering from an illness. He told his first tales chapter by chapter to children as they sat around him in the evening with no thought then of having them published.

In the same accidental way *Alice* and *Through the Looking Glass* are still best sellers.

Indeed, you can pick any subject. Recently a prize of £10,000 was won in a kiddies' book competition with a story about an Eskimo.

WHAT is a best-seller? How is it written? What must it contain? What is the recipe for it?

Some years ago, in search for the formula for the best-selling book, one publishing house called together a group of experts and had them dissect a number of best-sellers. They took out what seemed to be the reasons why each novel sold so well and then made up a book using all the best-selling qualities.

This book should have been the greatest best-seller ever published, but instead the book was a complete flop.

How are best-sellers written? Even those who write them don't know.

Dale Carnegie, whose personal philosophy *How to Win Friends and Influence People*, became a best-seller by accident, wrote the book as a free pamphlet for use with his lectures and it ran to four million copies!

Australian Maysie Grieg, whose poor-girl and rich boy-friend romances are great favourites with the lending libraries, could only hazard a guess: "Maybe, it's because women are interested in love," she says.

END

Christmas, 1851

(*Continued from page* 15)

Chromatropes and—but what was this? "Mlle. Prudence Gives an Experimental Soireé in her Animal Magnetism." Tut! Tut!

Perhaps some nieces would be coming up from the country for the holydays. A young lady would be expected to be practised in a wide range of the terpsichorean arts. If she lived in London, of course, there were dozens of dancing academies at which she could strive for graceful perfection in Highland reels ("as taught to a Princess of the Blood Royal"), the Waleika, the Tempeta, and a round dozen more dances, including the Polka (recently frowned on by the Queen) and together with a mastery of the techniques of the Cotillion and Quadrille.

BUT the climax of the holydays was a visit to the Pantomime—and here the strange mixture of formal gaiety, moral improvement, of light and shadow reflected the spirit of the times. It was not unusual to have an abridged version of *Hamlet* or *Macbeth* followed by a rip-roaring Christmas farce and harlequinade.

At the Adelphi in the Strand, however, a straight pantomime was being played, *Little Red Riding Hood*, although, as one dramatic critic observed, "our young friends will find scant resemblance to the fairy tale." How the spirit of pantomime survives!

Drury Lane was opened after extensive and tasteful decoration, with a new auditorium ceiling of such glory that it quelled any would-be criers of cat-calls in the gallery on Boxing Night. The double bill presented the Classical Tragedy of *Fazio* (in which Miss Glynne over-taxed her emotions on the opening night and swooned away) and a "Hogarth Harlequinade," featuring the acrobatic Payne Brothers.

The Princess Theatre presented *The Merchant of Venice*, with Mr. Charles Kean, and a pantomime in which a "Mr. Flexman was not quite careful enough in regard to some of his comic business."

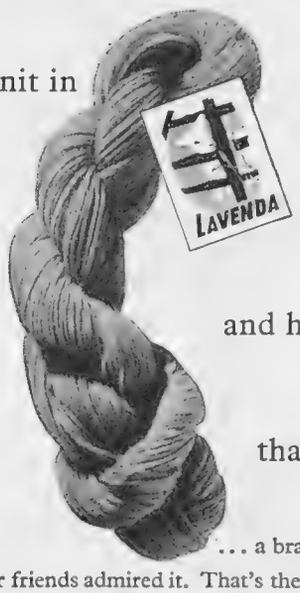
Several of Mr. Flexman's jokes were "distinctly coarse."

There were no hotels then in London as we know them to-day. Inns were for bona fide travellers, and the chophouses attached, for business men and bachelors. To get a measure of the average Christmas dinner turn the pages of *A Christmas Carol*—or triple that bill-of-fare served to the workhouse inmates. (*Continued on page* 82)

a skilful will make a pretty

but a *wise* and skilful

will knit in



and have a

that *remains* pretty

... a brand new jumper, gay as the day your friends admired it. That's the way Lavenda-knit woollies come out of tub after tub, always smiling.

made by Sirdar of Bradford **LAVENDA**

The brassière that gives you 'line'

Through nearly thirty years of changing fashion Kestos has gone on moulding an unchangingly perfect contour. There is a range of models and a choice of materials. The prices are modest as befits an essential item of everyday wear.

KESTOS REGD.

KESTOS LTD., MADDOX HOUSE, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1 *(Wholesale only)*

Bargain! EXCITING PATTERN OFFER — only 9d. with FREE set of initial transfers
AW
Exclusive!
THE HOSTESS APRON
is created for Dreft users by famous fashion designer
FREDERICK STARKE

New, Easy-to-Make HOSTESS APRON

Specially Designed for Users of

DREFT—SAFEST for WOOLLIES, SILKS—washes them BRIGHTER!

YOU'LL simply love to make — and wear — the Hostess Apron! It's designed by Frederick Starke. It's easy to make, smart, fashionable, practical. And only takes 1½ yards of 36″ material.

Everyone who uses Dreft can get this wonderful pattern! And if you're buying Dreft for the first time you'll get an extra thrill. Discover how Dreft gives a magic new look to all your silks and woollies! It washes them radiantly bright!

Dreft is a real money saver, too! Silks and woollies keep their lovely newness with a regular dip in Dreft. They actually last longer! That's because Dreft is safest of all! Dreft gives you the fastest, easiest, cleanest washing up, too.

dreft

SAFEST FOR SILKS, WOOLLIES — WASHES THEM BRIGHTER, CLEANER

A HEDLEY QUALITY PRODUCT

Here's how to get your pattern and initial transfers. Send any Dreft packet top, together with 9d. in stamps. You can get the pattern in any one of three sizes: large, medium or small. This offer closes December 31st, 1951. So don't delay . . .

—Cut this out—SEND IT TODAY—

MESSRS. THOS. HEDLEY & CO. LTD.
P.O. BOX 88, NEWCASTLE - ON - TYNE

Please send me a pattern of the exclusive Dreft Hostess Apron, and a complete set of free initial transfers.

I enclose 9d. in stamps and a Dreft packet top.

N.B. Put a tick opposite size required.

Large ☐ Medium ☐ Small ☐

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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.....

Pencil slim and well balanced

The skill of the craftsman blended with the knowledge and beauty of design—the background of many years of experience—the use of new materials and ideas immediately they are available—all these things give Twilfit Corsetry that quality, that "extra something," bringing to the figure the right control, the gentle moulding—the comfort. This, of course, is the reason why Twilfit garments are so popular with women who care for their figures.

Elasticated Satin Belt. 14 in. deep over hips. Zipp fastening. Leno elastic side panels and twin elastic gussets at bottom of front. Two small diagonal supports at front of waist. Fitted with 6 suspenders. Tea Rose. Sizes: 25 in. to 36 in. No. 8354. Price: 68/5

Uplift Brassiere in nylon and needlerun net. Elasticated satin inset at bottom between bust sections. Tea Rose, White and Black. Sizes: 32 in. to 38 in. No. 04779. Price: 14/1

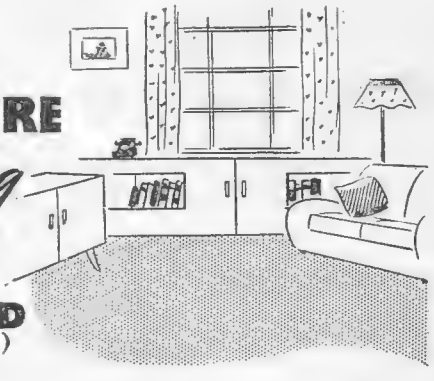
Twilfit Reg'd

FOUNDATIONS

Leethems (Twilfit) Ltd., Portsmouth

WRITE FOR NAME OF YOUR NEAREST STOCKIST

DOWNSHIRE Carpeting NOW ONLY 9/11 PER YD (18" wide)



Fitted carpets at prices all can afford ! Downshire rubber backed carpeting looks well . . . wears well . . . and gives a very soft tread. Requires no underfelt, is easily cut for fitting, lies flat and needs no sewing or binding.

IN 11 LOVELY COLOURS

14/11 Per Yd. (27" wide)
19/10 Per Yd. (36" wide)
29/6 Per Yd. (54" wide)

CARRIAGE PAID

PETER SHEPHERD & CO. LTD.
Dept. 9C, Kennet Side Works
Reading, Berks

WINCHESTER CARPETING, TOO! From only 7/- yd.

"Winchester" is a needle-loom carpeting, but thinner than the normal Downshire grade, and is priced as follows:—

18" 7/0d. per yard
27" 9/11d. per yard
36" 13/11d. per yard
54" 19/11d. per yard

CARRIAGE PAID

To enable readers who have seen advertising for both grades of carpeting to make up their minds, we will gladly send samples. Just send 1/- as usual for details and samples of both grades.

POORER families who did not possess a cellar of wine, could have a glorious mix-up on the day itself if they had 19s. to spare. For this amount Findlater, Mackie & Co., packed a hamper containing one bottle each of sherry, port, Scotch or Irish, French brandy, Jamaica rum and "best and strongest gin."

And so the holydays were passed, until the elder folk never wanted to hear the sound of childish laughter for a long, long time. Nor to play blind-man's-buff or hunt-the-slipper. The paterfamilias could go back to his newspaper and see what was happening to the world.

As New Year's Day, as Quarter Day, approached the tone of advertising seemed to take on a rather sombre look. Funeral furnishers made their re-appearance after the holyday break.

A first-class funeral, with hearse and four horses, two coaches and pairs, plumes and everything necessary could be had for £27 10s. A gent's "carriage funeral" from ten guineas upwards, a tradesman's ditto from £6 2s. 6d.

Several solicitors and attorneys offered "Insolvent debtors immediate protection under the New Act, without imprisonment, and charges may be paid by instalments."

And down in the City of London a meeting was convened by a number of those citizens who thought they had been over-assessed under Schedule D of their income tax.

The tax stood at 7d. in the £ sterling.

Yes, things ahead looked pretty grim for 1851 as the year passed away into history. The Duke of Wellington himself had prophesied woe for Britain. There was one bright spot : the Great Exhibition had made money !

END

The Letter

(*Continued from page* 31)

in and picked up a straight flush. If that wasn't bloody luck. . . ."

Round and round went the drinks and the roar of voices grew ever louder. Burra peg after burra peg; ice clinking in long glasses; gin slings, lager, sherry for the mem-sahibs.

Richard was watching Fred. He had stuck to beer all night, but Fred, in the company of many friends, had been drinking Scotch and was pretty far gone. Richard waited, aloof and alone as usual, until Fred had had another round and then went up to him. "I don't want to be a spoil-sport," he said, "but it's time we packed it in. It will take us best part of an hour and a half to get back. Let's have a final to keep the wet out and then get cracking."

Fred shook his head and clutched the bar.

"What are you worrying about? I'm driving. You can sleep all the way home."

"Lucky our Fred has got Richard to look after him," observed the club secretary. "He's as canned as a coot."

Fred curled up on the back seat of the car and promptly fell asleep. Richard was able to make fairly good time along the plain, but when they reached the bridge it was a totally different matter, for the wind was howling up the gorge with hurricane force and the bridge was swaying violently.

He sat for a moment thinking hard; then he stopped his engine, got out and went forward to reconnoitre. The cables were holding all right, but he'd have to drop his hood. If the wind got under that it would blow the car bodily into the gorge below.

He returned to the car and lowered the hood. Then he took Fred by the shoulders and shook him violently. That, together with the rain beating on his face and head, revived him somewhat.

"Come on. Pull yourself together. One of the suspension cables is badly frayed. You're the engineer of this outfit so come and tell me if you think we can risk it."

It was a nerve-racking walk. The wind tore viciously at their clothing and the bridge shook and rocked sickeningly.

At the centre of the bridge Richard stopped.

Fred looked around him. "Where's your frayed cable?" he asked.

"Nowhere." Richard's voice was harsh. He swung Fred round with his back to the handrail and shone his torch full in his face.

"So you thought you'd play me up, did you?" he snarled. "Keep me in suspense. Make me suffer, while you watched and gloated. What did you think I was? A crawling insect in a test-tube to be experimented with by Professor Fred Marsland?"

"For God's sake . . ." began Fred.

"Shut up ! It's my turn to gloat now, but, unfortunately, I can't take as long as you did. I can't even spare the time to let you pray, you slimy bastard. Take that !" His voice rose to a scream as, with all his force, he drove the point of his shooting-stick straight into Fred's throat. Fred staggered backwards, the low rail caught him just below the buttocks and, without a cry, he was gone. Richard listened for a minute, but there was no sound except the roar of the gale. He ran back to the car, replaced the shooting-stick and started the engine. Presently there was a lull in the storm and he drove slowly and carefully over the bridge.

IT was typical of the man, that, during the remainder of that night-mare drive up the mountainside, with his headlights deflected almost vertically upwards against the solid blanket of cascading rain, never once did a tinge of remorse or regret trouble his brain or conscience. Instead he was filled with a mad elation that his craving would soon be satisfied. But that did not cloud his native caution. Someone, he knew, would hear the car so he must report Fred's death before he searched for the letter. (*Continued on page* 84)

Xmas Gifts

ELECTRIC IRON
The Iron with a Switch—automatic heat control. Scientifically designed for fast and easy ironing—streamlined and perfectly balanced. £2.6.3

SUNRAY FIRE
A clean design for home or office. Illuminated vents give a golden glow and swing down to keep a teapot or kettle hot. £2.12.8

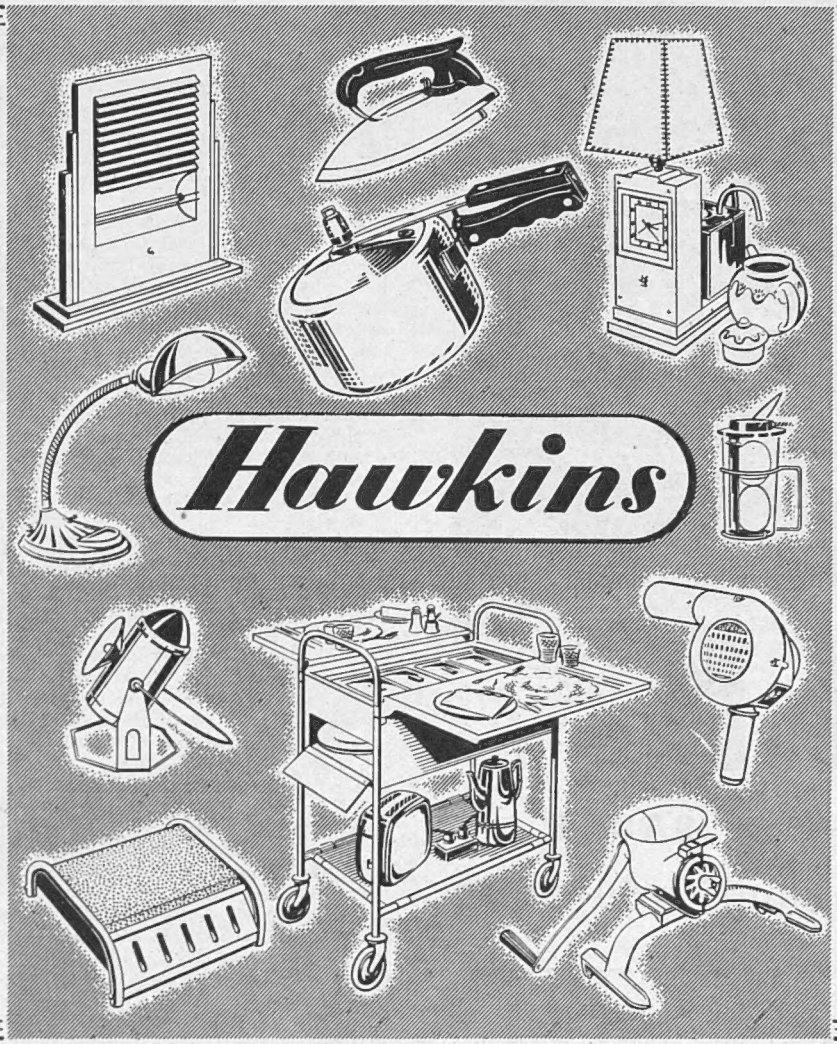
PRESSURE COOKERS
Hawkins Universal Pressure Cookers save fuel by cutting cooking times down to minutes. Full vitamin content is ensured by this quick and easy method of cooking. Made in six sizes suitable for gas or electric cookers. From £3.12.6

THE TECAL
The most appreciated gift you can make. Automatically brews tea or coffee for any predetermined time *while you sleep* . . . when the drink is ready the alarm rings and a warm light switches itself on. £10.18.9

DESK LIGHT
A flexible reading lamp with its own switch and ashtray. Can be bent to any angle—a useful gift for men. £2.0.0

BOILETTE
This handy little gadget boils two eggs or a drink very quickly and is especially useful for bachelors. Just the thing for 'elevenses' and invaluable for baby's early morning feed. Only 19/6

BLINK-LITE
A new lamp for the motorist, engineer or farmer. A red light flashes a warning every second while a white beam gives a steady light—can be used separately or together. A good useful present. £2.5.10



Worth Giving

ELECTRIC HOSTESS
The outstanding Hawkins contribution to perfect entertaining. Keeps a complete meal (and plates) hot for hours without drying the food. Ideal for doctors or where meals are irregular—the success of any party. Thousands are given as Wedding and Presentation Gifts.
£27.0.0 (Duplex Plug 23/2)

HAIR DRYER
Hawkins Supreme Hair Dryer is the best in the world. A thumb control gives hot or cold air. Delightful to use—kinder to the hair than towelling. £5.5.0

FOOTWARMER
You are comfortable if your feet are warm! Secretaries and office workers find them indispensable. Fine in the home too—amazingly economical, using only One unit of electricity in TEN hours. £2.8.10

TAB.L.TOP MINCER
A brilliant new design housewives and caterers have been waiting for. No clamp to damage table surfaces. Food barrel flicks open for thorough washing. Large dish fits right under the mincer. Special duct saves all the juice. Featured in leading periodicals — approved by Good Housekeeping Institute (No. 1841). £1.13.11

L.G. HAWKINS & CO. LTD.
30-35 DRURY LANE
LONDON · W.C.2

An all-the-year-round Gift!

Here is a lasting expression of friendship . . . to a friend or relative, for a birthday or anniversary . . . a subscription to BRITANNIA and EVE for every month of the year. A card will be sent with the first issue giving your name as donor — what could be simpler? Just write to The Publisher, enclosing your remittance — he does the rest!

Subscription rates for 12 months. Inland and Abroad: £1 7s. 0d. Canada: £1 5s. 6d.

The Publisher
Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2

Sweeten the air—

A pleasant atmosphere refreshes the mind and eases the day. Spray Zoflora in bedrooms, lounge, hall and toilet. Its fragrant mist is also a powerful disinfectant.

Zoflora
Perfumed **DISINFECTANT**

contains D.D.T., so that regular use protects curtains and upholstery from moth.

2/6 per Bottle; or complete spraying outfit 12/6
From your chemist or direct from the makers:

THORNTON & ROSS LTD.
HUDDERSFIELD

MOTHER . . . IF YOUR CHILD HAS A COLD

Colds and constipation very often go together. So if your kiddie catches a cold, one of your first steps should be to make sure the little system is thoroughly cleansed.

To do this, there is nothing better than 'California Syrup of Figs,' the mild, safe laxative which wise mothers always choose when dealing with a child's cold. This laxative which contains extracts of both senna and ripe figs is gentle but sure in action; besides, children love its pleasant taste.

'California Syrup of Figs' will soon cleanse the youngster's system, and back will come that eager appetite, which is more than half the battle when 'feeding a cold.'

Take the first step to treat that cold right away. Buy a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' (or you can ask for 'Calfig' for short) . . . and be sure to look for these registered trade marks on the carton.

15 **perfumes!**

from all over the world blend to produce its glorious fragrance. This silk-soft powder gives comfort and daintiness to the most sensitive skin.

Cuticura
TALCUM

Kiddicraft
'SENSIBLE' TOY
Designed by Hilary Page

Everybody wants to know

What's in The TATLER?

EVERY WEDNESDAY

Stuart, the tall, burly Scots manager opened the door to Richard's frenzied knocking.

"What's the matter?" he demanded.

"It's Fred! He's gone!" gaped Richard, a shade theatrically.

Stuart looked at him. "Sit there," he said pointing to a chair on the veranda. He went to a side-table and poured out a stiff whisky. "Drink that, man, and then tell me what you're blathering about."

Richard gulped the drink down and then said: "We went to the club and poor old Fred got a skinful. When we came to the bridge on the way back I wasn't happy about the suspension cables so got Fred out to look at them, as he's the engineer. I didn't realize how bad he was. He swayed half over the guard rail and the wind did the rest. He just disappeared. Oh, God! It's all my fault. What the hell am I going to do?"

Stuart watched him for a moment without speaking. Then he said: "Do? You'll get off to your bungalow and out of those wet clothes and leave things to me. I suppose," he added, "someone at the club will be able to confirm about Fred's condition?"

"Oh! yes." Richard spoke eagerly. "Everyone in the bar knew he was tight."

"Very well. Now get off with you. I'll see you later."

RICHARD drove to his bungalow, free at last to begin his search for the letter. He had one fact to go on. He knew he would recognize the envelope again because, as Fred was picking it out, he had noticed a dirty smudge on the flap. He went straight to Fred's room, too impatient to think of changing, and began feverishly to hunt through the litter of papers on the writing table. There was no letter of any kind. He tried the drawers, Fred's dispatch case and, finally, the tin trunk under the bed. Not a sign of anything.

Desperately he went through everything again, scattering clothes and papers on the floor in his frenzy. The drumming of the rain and the howl of the wind drowned all other sounds, except the constant tattoo of insects flying blindly against the glass of the table lamp.

He was on his knees searching under the wardrobe when Stuart spoke from the doorway.

"I thought I told you to go and change."

Richard jumped to his feet. "I . . . I was looking for something I lent old Fred," he stammered.

Stuart surveyed the wreckage in the room. "It must have been damned important," he said, drily. "But never mind that now. Put on some dry clothes and show Inspector Warren and me where you keep your whisky. It's lucky he was storm-bound to-night. You can give him all the details of the accident and it will save you a trip to headquarters." He stood aside and revealed the small, neat figure of the police inspector standing behind him.

WHEN Richard entered the sitting-room after changing Stuart pulled an envelope out of his pocket and handed it to him. "Was this, by any chance, what you were looking for?" he asked.

Richard took it and recognized the smudge on the back.

"As a matter of fact, it is," he muttered. "How did you get hold of it?"

"Fred gave it to me to look after: he thought you might search his room! He told me the whole story and I've retailed it to the inspector. Quite a good joke, but perhaps carried a bit far. You'd better read it."

Richard pulled two letters out of the envelope. One was a note from his mother merely apologizing for not having sent the enclosure on before. The enclosure was a receipt from a London shop for £6 10s. on account of one shooting-stick.

Richard's brain reeled and he felt the blood rush to his face as a sudden, terrifying thought struck him. The shooting-stick! Still in the car. He'd forgotten all about it. Why the hell hadn't he cleaned it?" He fought for control, but his hands were trembling as he replaced the letters in the envelope. "Is that all?" he asked, laughing shrilly. "Was that Fred's great secret?"

Inspector Warren was watching Richard closely, the first germs of suspicion springing up in his brain owing to the other's reaction. An idea occurred to him. "I've always wanted a shooting-stick," he said. "Do let me see yours. It seems the hell of a price to pay."

For a second Richard paused. Then he said, "I'm awfully sorry. I left it at the club one night and some blighter pinched it."

"What rotten luck." The inspector stepped into the veranda and returned immediately with a shooting-stick in his hand. "Is this yours by any chance?"

"No, no! That's not mine. I've lost it I tell you." Richard's voice was almost a scream.

"I see!" The inspector looked at the stick interestedly. Then he turned it upside down and examined the point.

"Careless of you to forget to put the hood up when you returned, otherwise we should never have thought of looking in the back to see if anything was getting spoilt in this rain. But even this storm hasn't washed all the stains away. That was careless of you, too, but. . . . Quick, Stuart! Stop him!"

But Stuart was too late.

Richard turned like a flash, snatched a revolver from a drawer in the writing-table and the next second all that remained of Richard Trengrouse was lying on the floor at their feet.

"How right you were, Warren," said Stuart, quietly, as he covered the dead man's head. "It was the hell of a price to pay."

END

1.12.51

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by ODHAMS (WATFORD), LTD., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, BRITISH NATIONAL NEWSPAPERS, LTD., Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2. Advertisement Offices, Ingram House, 195-198 Strand, London, W.C.2. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L.&R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch, Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

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